

THE COMMONWEAL

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THE RELIGIOUS WAR IN GERMANY

THE ESTABLISHMENT of a virtual dictatorship in Germany, with power centralized in the strong hands of President von Hindenburg, is of course an emergency measure, and not a definite abandonment of the republican form of self-government which the sorely harassed German people are attempting to create. The precarious position of the German government, made up in the main of the Center (Catholic) party and the Social Democrats, with smaller parties lending unstable elements to their uneasy union, is vividly revealed in the light of the decree promulgated by the President at the request of Chancellor Bruening and his Cabinet. The Communists and the Hitlerites, fighting against each other, agree only in also fighting the government. Of the two stormy factions, at present the Communists are apparently the most to be dreaded. It is significant that the despatches from Berlin emphasize repeatedly that it is the augmentation of the anti-religious campaign of the Communists, on orders from Moscow, that is particularly alarming the government. In truth, in Germany as elsewhere, the religious war waged by Communism is the central front of their world invasion.

Announced on Palm Sunday, the decree which dras-

tically curtails freedom of speech, and of the press, and of assembly, was meant—according to the New York Times correspondent—“to thwart the announced Communist intention to organize an especially violent wave of anti-religious propaganda in connection with Eastertide,” while “the rising anti-Semitism on the part of the ‘Nazis’ [the National Socialists, or ‘Fascists,’ led by Hitler] likewise finally provoked the government to take stern measures.” More than three hundred political murders and deaths in street fighting during the last twelve months have marked the storm paths of the Hitlerites and the Communists.

The Jewish Passover, coinciding with the Christian Easter season, gave the Communists additional occasions to display their anti-religious character. The opposition of the Hitlerites to the Jews is not religious, but racial and economic. The Hitlerites have recently been condemned by the entire Catholic hierarchy of Germany, who have forbidden Catholics to join or support them. Catholic condemnation of Communism, in Germany as elsewhere, came long ago, and, of course, is self-evident. Catholicism and Communism are mutually exclusive terms.

Those who may wonder why Communism, stagger-

ing under the gigantic Five-Year Plan in Russia, with all which that plan means in the way of creating, or trying to create, an entirely new system of economics and of government, should yet devote so much energy to its campaign against religion, not only in Russia, but throughout the world, should try to gain a clear conception of the vital importance which the destruction of religion holds for Communism. The struggle now going on in Germany illuminates the matter luridly yet clearly. Integral Communism is as dependent upon the extinction of all forms of religious belief as our traditional and now sorely threatened form of Western civilization is dependent upon those beliefs.

The doctrine of Communism in this respect is, like most of the other parts of it, the creation—or, at any rate, the formulation—of Lenin. In a study of the leader of Communism (who still is the leader, although dead) by George Vernadsky, of Yale University, recently published, there is a very definite account of Lenin's religious position, which has become the position of Russian Communism. His hatred of religion is not to be explained on the usual Socialistic grounds that the Church is merely a class institution, necessary to the rich in order to discipline and keep the poor in subjection and slavery, a view summed up in the famous Communist slogan that "religion is the opiate of the people." The roots of Lenin's hatred of religion ran much deeper. "Lenin divined," says Vernadsky, "that religion is the fundamental basis of human individualism; it creates a place, if only a small place, in the individual's soul, as an unapproachable refuge, a shelter from the supervision and control of a political party. Fighting against individualism, wishing to turn all persons into useful implements for the party, Lenin naturally had to direct his blows at religion as the last sanctuary of the individual. He fought not only against the established Church, it must be kept in mind, but against religion in general, against any reverence for the Supreme Being, even though preserved only in the human heart. It was exactly such inward religion of the spirit that seemed to Lenin an evil much more dangerous than a church, since he could battle more easily against a visible church. . . . The turning of the spirit toward God meant the impossibility of its absolute and unreserved submission to the Communist ideal and the Communist party. And Lenin demanded from all his followers just such unreserved submission." And so it is that the Communist party is "not only a political organism but, above that, a church of its own kind, or rather an antichurch," which must "attempt to destroy all other churches and religions throughout the world." Readers of Reverend Edmund A. Walsh's new book, "The Last Stand," know how grave that peril is.

The anti-religious outbreaks of Communism in Germany, on orders from Moscow, are therefore logical. They are the most vital part of Communism's world program, a foretaste of the invasion which will come as Communism allies itself with other enemies of religion.

WEEK BY WEEK

WHILE the discussion of the Austro-German Tariff Union reflects all the diversities of racial and national interests in Europe, and while in even the daily and rather remote conversations of interested individuals in this country, the issue appears to crystallize opinion clearly according to racial and national alliances, we seem to see only one feasible solution. This is the one that was proposed by Great Britain, was eagerly seconded by France, and is said to have had a determining influence on Rumania which was wavering between joining the union or joining the opposition. The proposal is that the union should be submitted to the League of Nations. Germany's blunt reply that she would not suspend the taking of definite steps to put the union into force and that she considered the matter no concern of the League, merely served to emphasize that here was an issue on which earnest interests and convictions were so opposed that only an umpire body which had a semblance of embracing all the differences of opinion could attempt a just solution. Austria is said to have been made extremely uneasy by the intransigent attitude of Germany, and according to the New York *Times* correspondent in Vienna, feels that "Germany and Austria may have injured a good case in the same way that they allowed themselves to appear the aggressors in the great war, and now, as then, miscalculated the attitude of England." Smaller nations, terrified by the political and economic dangers to themselves of the union, immediately proposed counter economic alliances. Czechoslovakia which felt most vitally threatened, would unite with Yugoslavia, Rumania and Poland, and would seek to add Bulgaria, Hungary and Greece to this union. The governments of these countries made variations on the same proposal.

CLEARLY, if order and reason are to dominate this tangled situation, dangerously fraught with fears and rivalries which are highly inflammable fuses leading to the powder barrel of another war, only an unhurried consideration of the situation by the League may possibly satisfy Europe as a whole, and—outside of Russia—the world. Hoping to profit economically as well as politically from another war in Europe, which would be so devastating that no doubt great masses of the people would turn to the new gods of Sovietism in desperation, Russia looks on the disturbance as a final and excellent example that the capitalist states are unable to work out machinery that will solve the conflicts of their greed. The League is for Europe unquestionably the last hope against Red riot, murder and confusion. If this conflagration began, Asia, which has shown unmistakable restiveness, undoubtedly would join with a vengeance in making a holocaust of established authority and institutions which would effectually destroy what we now call civilization and

end the epoch which began with the development of modern industry approximately a century ago. The Americas, because of their geographic isolation, would best maintain vestiges of the old order—our present order—although they too would undergo violent repercussions through the loss of billions in capital value abroad, including markets, and through the contagious incitement to social change. There has been a great deal of talk of a Pan-European Federation. Germany has somewhat disingenuously suggested that the union was a step in this direction. The League of Nations, however, is an effective, an established, agent for the federation of Europe. Secession now from this harmonizing center would be fraught with consequences in Europe far more disastrous, we believe, than was the last great war. The spirit of benevolent internationalism counseled by the Holy Father, we feel sure, can best find its expression in these practical matters through the League to avoid anything “so monstrously murderous and almost certainly suicidal,” to quote the Pope, as war. To Germany and Austria we can only say that if their cause is just and truly beneficial to all the nations in the crowded family of Europe, they should have no fear that the League would not endorse the proposed union.

A LOSS of \$80,000,000 a month in wages, is estimated for New York City as a result of unemployment conditions. The estimate is made by the Research Bureau of the City Welfare Council, which points out that this loss is “a social deficit of alarming proportions.” In other words, the men and women who under normal conditions would be producing this amount of exchangeable wealth in commodities and goods, are now—through no will of their own—consuming goods and commodities, unless they are starving, without making any restitution to the common wealth. Every stockholder, every bond holder, is having his resources invisibly drained by this. Stocks and bonds are in themselves scraps of paper; their value is in their lien on the common wealth. When this shrinks, the particular properties on which the stocks and bonds are liens are immediately depreciated by reason of the taxes made on them in some form for the support of the non-productive unemployed and by reason of the shrinkage in the potential market for the goods of going concerns. This latter shrinkage is twofold: first, the inability to buy of the unemployed themselves, and, second, the loss in resources of those with incomes because of their having to support the unemployed either through charity or through taxation. These are the A. B. C.’s of the present situation. They apply not only to the 750,000 unemployed in New York City, but also to the 6,000,000 in the country at large. We have not dwelt on the pangs of ignominy and even worse things of the unemployed. We have sought to point out capital’s losses, to touch the leaders of industry on their own vital interests. They must stir them-

selves to solve the problem of unemployment, or else stand convicted of social impotence. Meanwhile, the apostles of Red revolution find an increasingly favorable opportunity for the active dissemination of their propaganda.

THE PRECEDING paragraph is but one of a multitude of problems, daily pressing upon public attention.

Sursum
Corda

What effect are they having upon us? Perhaps if all the figures created by the leading newspaper cartoonists of this country to represent each cartoonist’s conception of the average American reader should be made into one figure, as a composite photograph is made from a large number of single photographs, we think that such a figure would bear upon it above all other characteristics an expression of anxious, wistful bewilderment. And we sometimes think that the cartoonists of our daily press reveal more of the truth concerning ourselves and our social problems than do the editorial writers and statesmen and economic and political leaders and experts in their more conscious and reasoned efforts to diagnose our troubles and to provide remedies. The cartoonists do not provide any remedies; they simply hold up the mirror of their intuitive art, and the grotesque images reflected therein, despite all exaggerations, reveal a great deal of essential truth. The average American today is emphatically an anxious and bewildered person, and the pressure of the problems which have caused his anxiety and bewilderment have now so extended their field that the more honest and franker leaders of the people are confessing that they too are anxious, and they too are bewildered.

THE REALLY thoughtful students of politics, for example—we do not mean the so-called “practical politicians” in any of the parties, but philosophical politicians, like Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler—say openly that the two major parties do not any longer possess definitely different and contrasting principles. So well known and so practical a figure in the world of big business as Mr. Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, confesses that there must be something radically wrong in the so-called capitalistic system, under which, while untold riches have been produced, and the granaries are bursting with food, millions of men and women, with other millions dependent upon them, anxious and willing to work, are left without employment, and are almost starving in the midst of plenty. We have all become average citizens, because true leaders are absolutely lacking. We can all see the things that are wrong, but who shall tell us how to remedy them? For our part, we can give but one answer: “Turn to the Church again—lift up your hearts, but not to men, only to God.” Not until the principles taught by religion guide the counsels of men will those counsels issue in the permanent improvement of society.

PROHIBITIONISTS—or some similar word descriptive of a pathological condition approaching if it does not actually cross the line separating normal mentality from aberration—may yet become a subject for scientific study, if some recent performances of the more extreme type of the Volsteadians may be regarded as typical. An Associated Press despatch from New Orleans, for example, described how at a luncheon in honor of Dr. McBride, superintendent of the Anti-saloon League, the Reverend E. O. Ware, another official of the Anti-saloon League, "said he did not think it would be sinful to pray for the death of all the ex-brewers in the United States." "What we need," he added, "is more first-class funerals among the enemies of prohibition." Well, many of the prohibition agents are doing what they can to oblige the Reverend E. O. Ware. But perhaps the most astounding case of the one-sided view of the prohibition problem taken by its champions is afforded by the action of Senator Jones who, in distributing a rabid dry statement by a Dr. Arthur MacDonald, of Washington, D. C., published in the *Congressional Record* of March 4, actually prints on the outside of his franked envelopes the following Christian description of all who venture to hold other opinions than those of the fanatical dries: "All criminals, bandits, ex-convicts, and thugs; all street-walkers, harlots, prostitutes, and degenerates are against prohibition. But the good church people, the humanitarians, those who try to uplift and help others are for prohibition. Therefore, do not split hairs; join one crowd or the other. As the Bible says, 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon.'"

IT IS to be hoped that the investigation of New York by the Seabury legislative committee will not only be thorough, as concerns the ground to be covered, but also basic, by inquiring into the real, root causes of the evils which it is universally taken for granted will be uncovered. We hope that we may not lay ourselves open to a charge of either cynicism or pessimism if we express our opinion that such a hope is foredoomed to be unrealized. For one reason, already it is apparent that the political interests involved are far from being merely local, or even state-wide; they are intimately connected with the coming presidential campaign, when momentous issues will be at stake. Any really serious corruption or maladministration that may be uncovered in New York which can be laid to the fault of Tammany Hall will be used eagerly as Republican ammunition, against any candidate from New York, or any Democratic candidate who can be allied, properly or not, with the New York City machine. That is politics, and sound politics. It may also be said to be ethical—inasmuch as any political party should bear the consequences, good or bad, issuing from the character or the deeds of its leaders or its constituent parts.

BUT HOW will the emotional atmosphere of political partizanship comport with the task of justly and thoroughly examining the entangled situation in New York? Will the searchlight play without favor upon other figures than those of the stock villains of such a tragi-comedy—the venal politicians and their allies in the more equivocal places of city life—or will it also search out and discover the supposedly reputable business men who often do not scruple to pay handsomely for special favors? Moreover, will the investigation go deep enough to reveal the extent to which the unfixed moral principles of today have pervaded the thinking and the behavior of multitudes who would not bribe or steal, but whose carelessness about all moral standards creates an atmosphere in which all evils grow rankly and wide? That criminals should at all times be detected and punished is desirable, and the investigation, even if it gets no further than that, will do good; but unless a spirit shall be aroused which will lead to a general renovation of civic morality, we fear that the Seabury investigation will do no more than reveal luridly what already is apparent, namely, that the evil which is the root from which all the scandals spring is sin—not merely machine politics—but a definite spreading in society of the deliberate yielding to moral wrong. When that fact comes fully to be realized, as a remote but easily most important result of such investigations, we shall come back to the reform of education. Religion will be restored to the place in the curriculum from which it should never have been displaced.

ONLY the strict requirements of the copyright law prevent our reprinting the lucid and purely spiritual tribute to the late Brother Joseph Dutton, the apostle of the lepers of Molokai, of former President Calvin Coolidge. Distributed as it was by a newspaper syndicate, millions of readers will have received its inspiring message, but it should be given a universal circulation. "Amid all the pretensions of the present era," said Mr. Coolidge of Brother Joseph's life, "the pride, the guile, the strife, here was a reality. His faith, his works, his self-sacrifice appeal to people because there is always something of the same spirit in them. He realized a vision which we all have. . . . He showed the power of what is good and the binding force of the common brotherhood of man." The whole composition is unified, as we say above, by a purely spiritual understanding—yet how practical it is—for it does not regard the power of self-sacrifice, and of absolute devotion to an ideal, as divorced from actual human life: on the contrary, the self-sacrifice of Brother Joseph, "joyously consecrated to the things of the spirit," is seen by Mr. Coolidge as "the binding force of the common brotherhood of man." It seems to us that the realization of this truth is what the world needs much more than all the resolutions and researches of all the commissions

and conventions so busily trying to solve the problems of the world, and Mr. Coolidge, as a journalist, reaches the highest plane of his tremendous influence when he brings that truth before us so notably. His expression of it is a revelation of the true depths of the religious soul of his own New England. So was the life of Brother Joseph.

THE FORMATION of a Catholic Poetry Society of America, to be headed by no less distinguished a poet than the Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of Notre Dame University, is another instance of the greater and greater abundance of life of the Faith. With an ideology in art which is incomparably more varied, more beautiful, and inspiring than anything else in the whole history of art, the Church is a noble and spacious mansion for a guild of singers. Saint Francis, Petrarch, Dante, Chaucer, are among the early company. In the antiquity of our own literary tradition, when the lay singers were celebrating endless massacres and clubbings, with a few interludes of orgies of eating and drinking, the Catholic singers celebrated the Child—innocence, gentleness and love—Blessed Mary, the Mother, and from these themes and thoughts developed the strains of chivalry and courtesy in human affairs, high thoughts and generous dealings, and the endless glory of God in the Highest, the orders and legions, cherubim and seraphim, and the saints and the astonishing paradox of eternal peace and more and more abundant life. The stories about hillsides of Olympus with the rather ridiculously intriguing and fleshy heroes and heroines there, the strange symbolic and geometrical art of the Orient, with its frequent perversities and glorification of animals, these cannot compare with the kingdom of Christ. In our industrial and mechanized age, if there is one thing especially we need, it is more poetry. That means also better poetry. If the new society can give encouragement and aid to this, it will be most excellent.

OUR NON-DENOMINATIONAL contemporary, the *Christian Century*, in its issue for March 25, very fully and lucidly recapitulates the evidence which THE COMMONWEAL obtained in Rome, through the good offices of Father Considine, at the direct request of the *Christian Century*, proving that there was no truth in the report current in the press that the Vatican claimed civil jurisdiction over all priests, no matter of what nationality; that it had never claimed this right in representations to the Italian government in the case of certain Italian priests killed in China. The facts reported by THE COMMONWEAL are accepted by the *Christian Century* as covering the case very satisfactorily. But the *Christian Century* "would like further light on two points: What has the news agency which gave original currency

to the report to say for itself by way of explaining the error? And why does the Roman Catholic press manifest such obvious resentment toward a paper which withholds comment upon a news story which is important if true but not wholly convincing, and which asks the Roman Catholic papers to find and report the facts?" As to the first question, if the *Christian Century*, or anybody else, can give us the name of the press agency first putting the false report into currency, we shall do all we can to get the answer—but we suspect that the agency is like Mrs. Harris: there probably is "no such a person," or thing. The false report could not have originated with a responsible news agency. It got into circulation from some private source, and will probably be doing service in certain quarters of the press for years to come. Not all the papers interested in the doings, or the supposed doings, of the Holy See, are so conscientious as the *Christian Century*. As to the second question, we do not understand it. THE COMMONWEAL does not feel and has not felt the slightest resentment toward the *Christian Century*, which so honorably sought verification of the report which aroused its interest; on the contrary, we honor it for its fair and scrupulous journalistic ethics.

A NOVELIST is not like a chain; he must be allowed to be at least as strong as his strongest novel. What the world has lost, in the death of Arnold Bennett, is not the author of "The Grand Babylon Hotel," or of "Imperial Palace," or any other of the forty odd volumes of entertaining ephemera that dripped from a pen plenteous in excess, if not precisely with "God's plenty." It has lost the author of "Riceyman Steps" and "The Old Wives' Tale": a character study unsurpassed anywhere for penetration and compactness; a novel which makes as unchallengeable a bid to be called a classic as any book of the century. This gap in the two categories of Bennett's writing was a mystery that will never be solved, for its roots lay in a temperament to which it is not easy to think of parallels. That anyone so unfeignedly bent on success, and so fitted to achieve it by an instinctive sympathy with much that is brash and inhuman in modern life, should have also had within himself the quietude of spirit, the artistic patience and human piety, that went into "The Old Wives' Tale," is an anomaly for which no resolution presents itself. There is a long tradition, of course, backward and forward from Dryden, of writers who have written deliberately to catch the public, and have turned out, in the process, much second-rate work. There are writers, too, who produce books that are, in a literary sense, simply incommensurate with each other. But Bennett's books seem spiritually incommensurate with each other. Which brings us back to our initial statement: since his good work was really as good as that, it is the good work that we must pause upon and remember, in fairness and gratitude.

PROBLEMS OF THE NEGRO

THERE is inevitably keen interest in discussions of the problems of the Negro in the United States. We are in receipt of a communication on the subject which seemed to us so important that we are printing it here. The writer is Father Augustine Walsh of the Benedictine Monastery in the District of Columbia. His conception of the Negro problem as being beyond solution by a back-to-the-farm project, for instance, though such a project may do altogether laudable work in individual cases, seems to us sound. We believe it is a mistake to conceive of, or talk of, a Negro problem. The Negro is an individual human being. He should be dealt with as such, without disturbance of his working out of his individual salvation. This is in fact what is happening and will happen. There can be no formula universally applicable. Removed from the implication that he is a problem, the Negro has a racial self-sufficiency, and self-respect, that makes him in the preponderance of cases a likable and valuable citizen who is sensitive to the differences and reticences which are traditionally observable between races.

Father Walsh writes: "At the turn of this century, the Negro was thought of solely as an unskilled laborer. But ideas of thrift, self-dependence, family progress, social status and social divisions were beginning to dawn. Newspapers edited for and by Negroes began to make their appearance until now there are about a hundred journals of this kind. In recent years there has been a large migration movement, chiefly from rural districts toward the cities. The result has been that the Negro is found not only in industry, but in business, the professions and the arts. Of course, by far the larger portion of the Negro population of the cities is found among the poorer classes; this is also generally true of all who drift into the centers of population. A large number of Negroes are in government employ; many are letter carriers, policemen, janitors, clerks and school teachers. Many are in business, as printers, caterers, transfer men and the like.

"The proposal is often urged that the Negro's salvation is a movement back to the farm. Similar proposals are frequently made as the remedy for depressed industrial conditions among the whites, and as a relief for the overcrowding of the cities. It is doubtful if the history of the world shows any instance in which such a movement from the cities to the country has ever occurred. Sometimes people have been driven out by persecution to found new towns and cities; but the relinquishment of city life by any mass movement in search of a bucolic ideal, while the constant theme of the poetic fancy, is something which men do not do. Back-to-the-soil movements have an ideal attraction; but if 14,000,000 Negroes took to farming, they could raise enough to feed the world. In small numbers, they may do so; but the clerks, policemen, actors, musicians and teachers of the race are not going to relinquish their positions and the attractions of city life for

the tractor and reaper. It is another question when dealing with a population already in the rural districts. These people may become fixtures of their villages and farmlands. The conversion of city people to the Catholic Church goes forward at a more rapid rate than the conversion of the inhabitants of rural districts.

"Negroes are massing in large numbers in cities in the North. To link the Church with an agrarian movement is to put her before the Negro as pointing backward. Catholic Action should not be a matter of sympathy, vague ideals or projects of the distant future; but a meeting of the issue where it exists.

"The vast majority of Negro youths are receiving their education under influences wholly secular. This is true especially of higher education. While not ideal, this has some practical advantages. Among the whites, similar advantages are so keenly recognized that nearly half of Catholic college and university students are in secular institutions. The reasons for tolerating this condition are much stronger for the Negro than for the white. The Negro teacher and professional man must make contacts with the educated of his race; if he is to teach in public schools, his chances of securing a position are much better when his normal school career is known and understood among those who have the power to appoint him to a post in his chosen field. The college Negro is a student; his college career is not that of a pampered son of the idle rich. Education for him means not only a livelihood, but life itself. Now the Church extends herself to provide religious education and influences in whatever way she can for students at the great secular universities. If she is not to stand by and see Negro leadership pass entirely into the hands of those who either do not know her or are her enemies, she must reach those who are the future leaders of their race. How can this be done? Again, there are many ideal solutions; but the practical problem has little or no difference from that which exists among Catholics of the white race. We must take care of the religious interests of Negro Catholics at their own secular institutions. Those who were present at the inaugural Mass and breakfast of the Newman Club of Howard University, Washington, D. C., recently, are satisfied that much can be done. This Catholic Club should be established at Howard on as firm a basis as exists in other secular institutions. And it is to be hoped that other similar organizations will follow.

"A historic lesson came out clearly on this occasion. Never was it more plain that a rising people finds the best expression of its aspirations and its opportunity for universal appeal and recognition through the medium of the fine arts. In the midst of pagan barbarism and Roman decay, our ancestors were lifted up by Catholic culture chiefly through the liturgical arts. The Negro agitator and the white agitator among the Negroes we have long had; the day of the Negro leader is here. The Negro Catholic leader does not ask for privilege; all he asks is a meeting of hearts in our common Catholic faith."

THE STANDING-ROOM-ONLY MYTH

By EDWARD ROBERTS MOORE

THE SPECTER of overpopulation has long been dangled before our eyes. Population literature has reeked with horrifying pictures of a world in which there would be "standing room only." This insistence in the past has indoctrinated the public mind to such an extent that it does not appreciate the notable silence on the subject of overpopulation at recent birth control conferences, and fails to realize that these fear-inspiring forecasts have long since been relegated to the limbo of discarded myths.

Occasionally, it is true, incautious popular speakers at such gatherings, misled by propaganda of a day when the Malthusian theory of geometric increase still offered fertile field for mad speculation as to the future of the race, embarrass their associates by resurrecting some now discredited prophecies of evil. But students of population trends have known for some time, and, as far as the United States at least is concerned, the 1930 census shows, that today we have no problem of overcrowding. Rather do we shiver a little at the realization that the reverse process has already begun, the downward trend is under way, the winding sheet of one more civilization is in the weaving. "While the 'reformers' are bewailing overpopulation, the specter of depopulation is abroad in the land, pursuing undisturbed a stealthy and devastating career."¹

Discussion of population theory has been going on for centuries; there was a certain amount of it even in antiquity. The Semites, Zoroaster of the Persians, the Greeks and the Romans had well-defined theories on marriage and parenthood.² In the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a succession of Italian economists found the subject of much interest. These, as might be expected, made their approach from the point of view of economic principle, and were not slow to link up the growth of population with the increase of prosperity. It was a writer of this school, Giammaria Ortes, a distinguished economist of the eighteenth century, who made one of the most notable contributions to the literature of the subject. His "Reflections on the Growth of Peoples" at that time had a profound influence throughout

One of the commonest blunders by professional agitators for birth control, is the airy assertion that Catholics are not scientific, and are actually opposed to science. This statement repeatedly uttered has developed into a parrot cry of many who are only casually informed. How shallow and false it is, will be demonstrated by the series of articles, of which this is the first. The author, chairman of the Committee on Population Decline and Related Problems, of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, will present a thoroughly documented investigation of the whole problem of birth control.—The Editors.

Europe, and is still the object of serious and reflective study.

Several decades later, Thomas Robert Malthus, a clergyman of the Church of England, undertook to deal with the subject of population. Whereas Ortes had dwelt upon the very important economic readjustments

which must follow the gradual growth of population, and had warned his readers of the many social difficulties and hardships which expanding urban populations would have to endure, Malthus, foreseeing an overcrowded world, went far into the field of speculation and propounded his famous formula of the geometrical increase of population as opposed to the arithmetical increase of natural resources.

The importance of these two men is that all subsequent theoretical discussion of population has been influenced by their presentation of the case: in the English-speaking world by Malthus, and on the Continent by Ortes and the other great economists in France, Germany and Italy who followed in his footsteps. The result is that most of the literature in English today is based on the totally erroneous assumption that population not only is increasing but will go on increasing, while in France, Germany and Italy the true trend of population seems to be known to a not inconsiderable number of people of the professional and lawmaking classes.

Today, however, even in Great Britain and the United States, the real state of affairs is gradually being recognized. The profound research and scholarly presentation of such men as Corrado Gini, president of the Central Statistical Bureau of Rome, Italy, Robert R. Kuczynski of the Brookings Institution, Washington, D. C., Louis I. Dublin and Alfred J. Lotka, statisticians of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the late Dr. John Brownlee in England, and others, have supplanted the fantastic and alarming pictures of the future drawn by Carr-Saunders, Knibbs, East, Ross and their associates, with more reasoned, if less sensational, forecasts. As a matter of fact, far from having cause for anxiety as to where the food supply of the future is to be found, the situation with which we are faced holds quite a different set of problems. What this situation is may be briefly stated:

Every country in Europe which is not predominantly Slavic in origin and racial composition is today actually showing a deficit in reproduction, and precisely the same thing is happening in the United States.

¹ F. J. McCann, "The Disastrous Influence of a Declining Birth Rate on the Life of a Nation," p. 3. Dr. McCann is president of the League of National Life, England, and vice-president of the Comité Internationale pour la Vie et la Famille.

² The best general history of population theory is that of René Gonnard, professor at the University of Lyon, entitled "Histoire des doctrines de la population." Paris: Nouvelle Librairie Nationale.

This deficit, for the countries of northern and western Europe, averages about 7 percent per generation. This is equivalent to saying that on any given day there are born in these countries only 93 percent of the number of children who would have to be born if from twenty-seven and a half to twenty-eight years later the population were to be exactly the same. In Germany this decline amounts to 10 percent per generation and in Great Britain to nearly 15 percent!¹ Even Italy, with her relatively high birth rate, shares in the general trend. In terms of the future, this means that it will take little more than a century for the population of Great Britain to sink to one-half of what it is today.

In the United States, the most casual reader of the daily press cannot fail to have noticed the frequent references made to the constant fall in the birth rate. Taking into consideration only the ten-year period from 1920 to the 1930 census (there are no satisfactory figures before 1915), we find that the rate fell from 23.7 in 1920 to 21.4 in 1925, and in 1929 was only 18.9—a drop of 20 percent in a single decade!

The lay reader, however, is likely to be misled by the fact that natality and mortality charts still show a substantial excess of births over deaths, and that in spite of the decline in the birth rate, our population in the same ten years showed an increase of 16 percent. This would seem at first glance to be in direct contradiction to the emphatic and startling statement contained in the preceding paragraphs. It is, however, as we shall see, quite possible to have an excess of births over deaths in a population already declining. Italy in 1929 had such an excess of 450,000, yet in Italy a genuine decline in reproduction had already set in. The increase of 16 percent in the United States during the last decade represents a purely statistical gain that was coincident with a real deficit. The explanation is that the population trend in any country at any time cannot be gauged by a mere comparison of the crude or uncorrected birth rates. These are figures so dependent upon a variety of influences as to make a correct interpretation of their significance a very difficult task indeed, and one involving the utilization of no inconsiderable technical equipment in the science of statistics. The birth rate may be accidentally and temporarily stimulated at the same time that the death rate is similarly retarded, *with the result that an actually declining population is given an appearance of vitality.*

Various factors may contribute to bring this about. In the first place, both the birth and death rates are affected by the age and sex composition of the population, which is in turn a variable factor. At different times in the history of any country or group of countries, the proportion of women of child-bearing age to the whole population may vary considerably. Evi-

dently, when this proportion is high, that is, when there are more than the usual number of women of child-bearing age in the population, more children will be born, and the *birth* rate will be higher, not because more children are being born per mother (i.e., a higher *fertility* rate), but simply because there are more mothers. Thus it is quite possible for the *birth* rate to be high while the *fertility* rate (the real measure of population vitality) is low, even so low that these women of child-bearing age are not reproducing themselves.

When this central age group, of which the women of child-bearing age form the female component, is large, one or both of the other two groups, the one comprised of those below fifteen and the other of those above fifty, will be proportionately small. Now it is from these two groups that the death rate receives its greatest increment. With the abnormally stimulated birth rate comes an unduly retarded death rate, and from the combination results an altogether misleading excess of births over deaths. The theoretical situation just described is precisely exemplified in Europe and the United States today. Regarding Europe I quote again from Kuczynski:²

"In the present population of western and northern Europe the proportion of women of child-bearing age is particularly large and the proportion of young children and old persons particularly small." Hence:

(1) "The age composition of the population of western and northern Europe tends to lower the number of deaths." And:

(2) "The age composition of the population of western and northern Europe tends to swell the number of births."

In the United States the condition is the same. Because of the high birth rate of a generation ago, the central age group is now disproportionately large. Because of the recent low birth rate, the lower age group is small. The upper age group, though steadily increasing, is still relatively small. Hence, the birth rate, low though it is, if corrected according to age grouping would be still lower, while the death rate would be augmented. Furthermore, when in due time the large central group becomes in turn the upper group, and the accompanying transfer of the small lower one into central position takes place, the birth rate, now low, will continue to shrink, while the death rate will mount. As a matter of fact, a glance at a mortality table will show that the latter process has already commenced; the death rates of 1928 and 1929 are both higher than that of 1927, when the lowest point on record, 11.4, was reached.

The death rate is also artificially and temporarily retarded, and an actually declining population is given a false appearance of vitality by the extension of the expectancy of life. Again, this is what has happened in non-Slavic Europe and the United States. In 1890,

¹ See the notable volume, "The Balance of Births and Deaths," by Dr. Robert R. Kuczynski of Brookings Institution, Washington, D. C.

² See op. cit., p. 55, for statistical material and method of calculation.

every live-born infant in this country and Europe had an expectancy of life of about forty-two years—that is, the probability, on the average, of attaining that age. Today, an infant has a probability of reaching the age of fifty-nine years. This change is the result, first, of improved prenatal hygiene, better obstetrical practice, and developed technique in meeting the perils of the first days and months of life; and secondly, of medical advance in the field of epidemic diseases which have been brought materially under control. Where many thousands died four decades ago of typhoid and diphtheria, and where malaria devastated whole regions, now comparatively few fall victims to these diseases.

But the death rate, though it be lowered still more, cannot be abolished. As we have already seen, it rose throughout Europe and in North America in 1928 and again in 1929, and the expectation prevails in some authoritative quarters that we have seen the last of low death rates for many years to come. But no matter what happens in this regard—the conquest of nephritis and diabetes and cancer and even of the cardiac diseases, even the extension of the average or mean length of life to seventy, to eighty, to ninety—in the last analysis the situation will not change! Since salvage over fifty years of age has no bearing on reproduction, any further advance can provide us with a surplus of births over deaths only while the actual process of extending this average continues.

By way of illustration: Suppose that a machine age should produce a community where births and deaths were regulated with the exactitude of a time clock. Suppose that in this community there were just 10,000 people; that 2,500 of these were women of child-bearing age; and that these women would bear children to the number, for the sake of example, of 200 each year. Let us suppose, finally, that each year 200 others, coming to the age of fifty, would die. Obviously, the population of the community would remain constant at 10,000. But now suppose that the expectancy of life were suddenly raised from fifty to sixty, but that no corresponding extension of the child-bearing period were made. For ten years there would still be 200 births a year, but no deaths, with the result that the population during that period would increase to 12,000, but at the end of that period, the increase would cease. The fact that the expectancy of life was now sixty instead of fifty would cause no further increase, and if other factors were to operate to lower the birth rate, the population would decrease just as quickly as though the expectancy of life had never been advanced.

So in northern and western Europe and in the United States today, the size of our population does show an increase, but it is caused by this advance in our expectancy of life, and by the preponderance of the middle or productive age group in our population. *But neither of these factors has a decisive bearing on the true vitality of our population.*

How, then, is the true vitality of a population to be determined? Again, let us take a simple but pertinent example. Suppose that there are in a completely isolated community fifty families, each of them decidedly prolific, producing many children, but predominantly male. The birth rate would be high and the population would increase, yet since the women of the community were not replacing themselves, or to put it another way, since the women of the present generation were not bequeathing to the next generation an equal number of women who would in turn bear children, the community would be doomed to extinction. The *continuance* of any population, therefore, evidently depends upon *the successive replacement of its women*, and its true vitality may be measured by *the degree to which this is occurring*.

If a population is to remain merely stable, therefore, each 1,000 women of this generation must bequeath 1,000 other women to the succeeding generation. Evidently this condition will not be verified if each 1,000 women of child-bearing age have just 1,000 daughters but no more; this would make no allowance for infant mortality, the diseases of childhood and adolescence, and all the other factors that combine to prevent a certain percentage of those born from actually reaching the child-bearing age. Statisticians, notably Kuczynski and Johannes Rahts¹ for Europe, and Dublin and Lotka² for the United States, have made elaborate calculations along these lines, and have reached this significant conclusion:

In all northern and western Europe and in the United States the women of child-bearing age are not reproducing themselves.

The following figures tell the tale: (1) In Denmark in 1926, the female fertility rate was such that each 1,000 women of child-bearing age would during the course of their lives bear 1,270 live-born female children, 1,097 (1,030 in 1927) of whom would in turn survive through the child-bearing period. In Denmark therefore in 1926 the population was very slightly more than replacing itself. (2) In Sweden in 1926, the corresponding two figures were 1,430 and 1,090 (figure for 1927 not available). (3) In France in 1926, each 1,000 women of child-bearing age would bear only 1,159 daughters, of whom but 937 (910 in 1927) would survive, a deficit of 63. (4) In Germany, the gross figure was 1,070 and the net, 890 (830 in 1927), a deficit of 110. (5) England and Wales, with a gross of 1,050 and a net of 880 (820 in 1927), show a deficit of 120.

Dr. Kuczynski (op. cit., p. 54) concludes:

"According, therefore, to the fertility and mortality in western and northern Europe in 1926, 1,000 mothers gave birth to 930 future mothers only. *With the fer-*

¹ Formerly chief of the population division of the German Statistical Office. See "Statistik des Deutschen Reichs," vol. 246, p. 18.

² See *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, September, 1925, vol. XX, p. 309; also *Metron*, June, 1930, vol. VIII, no. 4, pp. 107-119.

tility of 1926 the population is bound to die out unless the mortality of potential mothers decreases beyond reasonable expectations. And fertility continued its downward path in 1927."

A similar study of the United States by Dr. Kuczynski¹ shows a comparable condition. In 1926 a deficit in the number of females necessary for a stationary population already existed in almost half the states, and only their large colored population, with its high birth rate, kept many of the Southern states from swelling the deficit column. In New York each 1,000 women were giving birth to but 1,088 daughters, of whom less than 900 would survive to child-bearing age.

As far as computable, the gross rate for the entire country was 1.22 female children per mother, to which would probably correspond a net or survival rate of 1.0. The national average, then, in 1926, which includes the very high birth rate of the colored population in the South and that of recent immigrants, was barely sufficient to insure enough mothers in the next generation to keep the population in equilibrium. Since 1926, as we have seen, the birth rate has continued its rapid fall and the death rate has started an upward climb. Moreover, from all appearances immigration will in the future have a negligible bearing on the situation.

Virtually the same conclusion may be arrived at in another way. Statisticians, making allowances for infant, adolescent and adult mortality, sterility, deferment of marriage and celibacy, have calculated that an average of approximately 330 children must be born to every 100 fathers and mothers in order that 100 other fathers and mothers may be available and in turn produce children a generation later, thus keeping the population merely stable. The actual rate for this country, as based on the recent census, has not yet been computed. Dr. Dublin calculated it some few years ago, however, as about 250; it is now probably not more than 220, as there has been a precipitous drop in each of the recent years. At all events, it is far below the number required to keep any population in equilibrium, and were it not for the immigration which poured into this country for so long prior to the war, we would today already have a stationary population and be facing a decline in the very near future. As it is, we cannot go on increasing for more than ten or at the outside fifteen years. At a very conservative computation we shall have reached our maximum population—approximately 140,000,000—by the year 1944 or 1945. After that will come perhaps two decades of stationary population, and then decline.

An analysis of this decline as anything but a pleasant descent into a neo-Malthusian Utopia will fall within the scope of another article. It will suffice to note here that the literature on population that has

in the past emanated from birth prevention propagandist organizations contains so much inconclusive and misleading statistical garrulity and such half-digested and irrelevant deductions as to suggest a calculating machine on a spree. The realization of the present situation in population trends leaves these groups not a little bewildered.

The true import of the facts that are here summarized needs no colorful dramatization in order to be grasped by a people who are accustomed to dealing with realities.

Easter in Palestine

The gold of morning fills
The hollows of the Galilean hills.
With tilted urns
The flaming poppy burns;
The lupins, gemmed with dew,
Dot the fresh sward like tiny pools of blue.
The rathe anemone
Offers a crimson banquet to the bee,
And the bent olive tree
Sivers anew.
The vastnesses of sky
Are bright and burnished lapis lazuli,
And the spring's fragrant breath
Steals softly through the streets of Nazareth.

The whole wide land receives
The benediction gratefully. The leaves
Of oleanders by Lake Gennesar
Respond. The carob bough
Upon the hill of Dan is lovelier now,
And Jenin's pillared palms
Chant long and louder psalms
With greener fronds to greet the dawning star.

There is a torch on Tabor. Nebo shines
Resplendant, and Samaria's shattered shrines
Are shimmering as when Herod, with a nod,
Bade slaves raise altars to the Unknown God.
In Jordan's deep-cleft vale
Its old enamored tale
Sings the rapt nightingale.
A vernal fire
Touches the toppled battlements of Tyre
Round which the sea sounds as a mighty lyre.
The bubbling wells of Banias are glad,
And there is sweeter balm in Gilead.
An anadem
Of emerald sweeps away from Bethlehem
And girds Jerusalem.

Here Alexander came and conquered; here
The valorous Richard of the Lion Heart
Played an imperious part
In a bygone but unforgotten year.
But it is not their spirits we revere —
Their names we speak at this renewal-tide—
But rather it is *His*—the sanctified.
Easter in Palestine—ethereal air—
And through Christ risen, Easter everywhere!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

¹ See also his article in the "Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences," Philadelphia, 1930.

Places and Persons

EASTERTIDE IN ROME

By MARIE ZOÉ MERCIER

IF YOU climbed up on the terrace roof of the Villa, you saw a flat, green plain stretching to the feet of the purple mountains that lie in a semicircle about the campagna of Rome. If you turned about toward the west, where the sea is hidden, and if you knew where to look, you just barely discerned, above the pines of the Royal Villa Savoia, the cross on the ball of St. Peter's dome. Behind it there would be another sunset dimming into a gold of strange, liquid quality, luminous even as the translucent blue of the midday sky. You were always up on the terrace for sunset, because the Mother knew you loved blue and gold, and she sent you up after the *goûter*. You had been there once when even the night could not darken the luminous intensity of the sky, and the lights of the little villages on the mountains winked like so many stars against their dark bulk, and down in the garden the cypress trees along the stone wall quivered slightly as they cut through the shadow into the moonlight.

You would have liked to have been there for sunrise, but dawn found you slipping downstairs to morning Mass, a minute behind the others because you lingered by the window on the landing to see how the eucalyptus tree looked when her slender, silver leaves were flushed with the morning.

You probably had figs for breakfast, stewed fresh figs and slices of crusty bread and *café-au-lait*, and if it were a *jeudi* you saw the Mother pack the little tin lunch box with *gâteaux secs* and put it in the bottom of her black bag. For if it were a *jeudi*, you would all hurry from the refectory at a nod from the Reverend Mother, to catch the twenty minutes past eight motor bus and street car into the city, and thence start out upon the scheduled *promenade*. Perhaps it was a long walk down the Via Appia, with its cobblestones and gaily painted wine carts and wayside poppies, in search of a newly excavated, early Christian basilica, double starred in the guide book; and eleven o'clock would find you munching the *gâteaux secs* on an overturned capital or an empty sarcophagus. Perhaps it was a ramble in the Vatican gardens with a visit to the goldfish, delightful conversations with the old gardeners, and daring ventures along the parapet of the Observatory dome. Perhaps you were forced to flee from the hot sun and wander down the cool galleries of the Vatican Palace, to pore over the cases of mediæval ivories and manuscripts in the library, or stop for a silent colloquy with the caryatid in the last niche of the Braccia Nuovo, or yield to the spell of the Sistine Chapel, where the stupendous personality of Michelangelo is still vivid.

If it were a Sunday, you always went to the Forum

—there is something breath-taking about the Forum in April. That night after the last bell has rung and the Mother has gone by, stirring the curtains of your little white *cellule* as she passes to open the window and put out the light—and even now when you are far away from the Villa—still you see wisteria dripping over dull gold ruins, blue iris marching in the hollows, and roses, roses, roses, white roses tumbling over the steps of the basilica of Constantine, red roses shaking their reflection into the shallow pools of the Vestals' peristyle, pink roses swaying about the wall of the old abbey, high above the palace of Tiberius on the Palatine.

* * * * *

"See. The new moon is back again."

Little Jacqueline pauses in a headlong flight down the gravel walk along the lilac bushes, to point it out for you, and you quite forget to tag her when you catch up breathlessly, because the new moon is hanging there, a half-circle of silver against the sunset glow of a cloudless sky. The high, wide-flung branches of the parasol pines are brooding and still above you. Beyond them is Rome. Behind you, and across the garden, the cypress trees are stirring with the breath of a lost wind that has stolen from the campagna. Far, far against the sky, the darkening outline of the Alban Hills loops slowly round the blue shadows of the plain.

Then into the silence of the garden break the distant noises of the city. A taxi toots a shrill claxon. A street car goes clanging down the Via Nomentana. A ponderous motor bus has slid to a stop just outside the gates of the Villa, and there is a prolonged rasp of gears as it picks up. From the chapel windows floats the cadenced chanting of the nuns' Office; even this has ceased. Behind you the white Villa grows whiter with the night. Suddenly the angelus bell rings, and in swift response, the clear serenity of Jacqueline's white face deepens with recollection above her folded hands. She recites the prayer in her quick French Latin and, with the wonder of it in your heart, you turn away from the garden. Slowly the new moon is sinking behind the city.

Always now the new moon at Easter time will bring the thought of the Holy Season in Rome, for with the turning of the missal pages through the Lenten liturgy, you followed in and out among the seven hills of the city, the ancient paths of the stational processions. Up on the Aventine, at the end of a climbing, winding little road, there was the windowed bulk of Santa Sabina, stretched along a sunny, sleepy piazza where the coolness of stone creeps out from the open portico and the enclosed porch within. With tender

wisdom, the hand of Holy Mother Church was as severe as it has ever been when she pressed the symbolic ashes to the foreheads of her children, and her cry in the liturgy, poignant with the burden of their helplessness, was vibrant with a triumphant humility: "Have mercy upon me, Lord, have mercy upon me, for in Thee my soul doth trust."

There was the damp, musty little basilica of Saint Xystus, out near the crumbling ruins of the baths of Caracalla, out where the cypress trees confer above the catcombs of Domitilla. Something of the radiant profusion of dull gold and limpid blue in a Roman springtime would be lost if it were not slashed here and there with slim, dark cypresses, rising from the ruins and the walls of hidden gardens. Above the luring call of the shy, new spring, the voice of the Gospel reiterated: "Do you not understand . . . the things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart, and those things defile a man." Holy Mother Church grows anxious that nothing distract us from the spirit of the season. The heedless spring rushes on to a riotous blooming.

As the weeks went by, the mimosa trees grew misty with a vague cloud of yellow. Wisteria vines drooped languorously over all the garden walls. There were blue iris in the hollows of the Forum, and on the steps before St. Peter's, Palm Sunday morning, the yellowed palm branches caught the sunlight like gold. "Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord. O King of Israel, Hosanna in the Highest!" ". . . So may we, carrying palms and olive branches, run forward rich with good works, to encounter Christ, and through Him enter eternal joy." The procession was exultant, irrepressibly eager, but during the Mass the long Passion Gospel according to Saint Matthew was read without lights or incense, and the Church prepared to walk with Christ along the way of sorrow and watch Him go down into the bleak shadows of death. Even the spring must hush its witchery.

There was yet the sacred interlude of Maundy Thursday with its anticipatory note of resurrection and calm assurance of immortality: "Renewed by this Food of Life, we pray Thee, Lord our God, that what we may carry out during this our dying life, may be fulfilled for us by the gift of Thine immortality." But, in the evening, the stripping of the altars at St. Peter's was a gesture of starkest grief.

On Good Friday morning, at Santa Croce, the vast drama of the Passion was slowly commemorated. "Ecce lignum crucis": it was a relic of the true cross unveiled. A moan of utter desolation ran through the liturgy, but there can be none of the finality of despair. When the candles were lit and the censer began swinging for the Mass of the Presanctified, there was the chastened stirring of a promised resurrection. In the afternoon after three hours of silence, the processions of the Via Crucis wended their way all over the city. In the Colosseum, where the slanting sunlight softened the massed brick arches with dusted gold, where a

French pilgrimage of nearly two thousand young men had thronged, throughout the sorrowful meditation, the promise of resurrection shimmered palpably. The swelling, rhythmic tumult of the young men's "Credo" spilled from the great bowl of the amphitheatre like the rising tide of the redeeming Blood overflowing from the Chalice of Calvary.

On Holy Saturday, in St. Peter's, at the blessings, the prophecies, the litanies, one felt with the Church, still watching and waiting. Then at the Mass, once celebrated after the night of vigil, the ringing of the bells and the intoning of the Gloria came like a sudden gasp of joy. "Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia. Praise ye the Lord, because He is good: Because His mercy endureth forever."

At last on Easter Sunday morning the spring shook out the banners of the flaming Judas trees and burnished the gold of the mimosa. There were red roses by the rain-filled pools in the Vestals' peristyle. Wisteria blossoms swayed from all the garden wall like incense cups heavy with perfume.

Even now you have only to see the new moon of April poised above the poplars against the backyard fence, and you think you hear little Jacqueline running down the gravel walk along the lilac bushes. You listen for the breathless, eager voice that always called back to you, "Voyez, le croissant est de retour." But no, it is another voice you hear, the voice of the distant city beyond the parasol pines, the voice of Rome, persistent with the low whisper of the missal, warm with the breath of another spring, throbbing with the rending joy of the Holy Church whose Lord has risen from the dead.

O Mary, say, what sawest thou by the way?

"The tomb, Life's futile prison; and the glory of Him risen—

I heard the angelic word: I bowed to see the bands, the shroud—

Christ my Hope is risen, and He is gone before you into Galilee.

Christ from the dead we know is truly risen."

These words from "Victimae Paschali" come to us.

Men of the Hills

There is no mercy in the bitter cleft
That time has slashed across the sullen hill;
Men cling precariously here to life, and till
The shallow patches that the rain has left.

Below them, far below the quiet plain
Submits a fecund bosom toward the skies,
But they will wipe the vision from their eyes
And gamble for high stakes that daunt the swain.

The voice of viols and the lutes of reed
Have tethered them securer than a rope,
And the wilder clarion over the rim of hope
Is the only summons they will ever heed.

A. M. SULLIVAN.

MEN MARKED FOR DEATH

By LEONID I. STRAKHOVSKY

ORIGINAL and even bizarre societies and organizations, suicide-clubs and many others have always had their place in the news sheets. But never before has there been a club of men condemned to death, probably because of an inevitable lack of candidates for such an organization. However, news from Paris brings us tidings of such a club recently organized and presided over by Gregory Bessiedovsky. Its membership, which has already exceeded the hundred mark, is drawn from among those former employees of the Soviet government who abandoned the ship of state and by so doing automatically became victims of a decree sentencing them to death. The decree was the result of the escape of Bessiedovsky from the stronghold of the Soviet embassy in Paris. This occurred in a spectacular manner.

Late one evening, the door of the quiet police station serving a district where scarcely anything happens except embassy receptions, was burst open and a man clad in pajamas rushed in crying, "Help, help!" The police sergeant on duty rose to his feet and made a hasty movement for his pistol. The man before him was shivering and wild-eyed. His speech was incoherent and his accent revealed that he was a foreigner. "Come, come! Help!" he repeated, "my wife . . . my child . . . come or else they will be dead." "But who are you?" asked the police sergeant. "I am the chancellor of the Soviet embassy. Bessiedovsky is my name. At present I am in charge of the embassy. Come quick, because Roisenman does not joke. He will kill them. Come and save my wife and child from the hands of the Che-Ka." The police sergeant thus became aware that he had to do with the acting ambassador of Soviet Russia. Summoning his men and led by Bessiedovsky, who had accepted a policeman's overcoat, he marched to the large grey building in Rue Grenelle which in the past had seen brilliant receptions of titles and wealth and which was now the stronghold of the new Russia. When the little group approached the heavy gate, which was locked, the sergeant suddenly remembered that he had no right to force his way into the embassy because of its extra-territorial nature. But Bessiedovsky urged him to proceed, explaining that as acting ambassador he answered for this act. So the French policemen entered the building, rescued Madame Bessiedovsky and her child, who were locked in a room, and then escorted the family to a nearby hotel.

All this is not a fantastic story, but actually took place in the city of Paris in the fall of 1929. A special inspector of the Ge-Pe-Ou (former Che-Ka) by the name of Roisenman had arrived in Paris during the night and ordered Bessiedovsky to leave for Moscow at once. As Bessiedovsky refused, the "chekist" locked

him in under the menace of a pistol. Then Bessiedovsky jumped through the window and climbing over a high fence escaped the vigilance of his guardians and ran for his life to the nearest police station.

Never had there been such a scandal in the brilliant French capital—a chargé d'affaires running away in the middle of the night, scantily dressed, and soliciting protection from the local police. It is not surprising that the Paris press commented on the incident in varying tone and manner. The Soviet authorities were at first terribly embarrassed and did not know what to do. Then they announced that Bessiedovsky had a nervous breakdown. But when the latter insisted that he was of sound mind, they accused him of embezzlement and declared that he would be judged by a court in Moscow, for which purpose an extradition claim was placed before the French government. However, the French government considered Bessiedovsky a political refugee and refused to answer the claim of the Soviet authorities. Whereupon the Bolsheviks staged a trial in Moscow and condemned Bessiedovsky to death, declaring him to be an outlaw and proclaiming his political and civil death in the Soviet state. It has since been revealed by Agabekov, former chief of the Eastern Sector of the Ge-Pe-Ou, that the Soviet government intended to murder Bessiedovsky, but refrained from doing so after he had published his sensational revelations.

This appeared to be the end of the story. But Bessiedovsky's articles in both the French and Russian newspapers in Paris and his weekly publication, which he began after his escape, contain inside information on the story of the Soviet régime. Furthermore, Bessiedovsky is not the only one of the Soviet officials who has left the service of the Bolsheviks, preferring to live peacefully abroad. There is not a single country in Europe which does not have one or more of these men. They call themselves the Third Emigration. The first emigration was of revolutionaries during the imperial régime, and the second of counter-revolutionaries now scattered all over the world, thus making their exodus the third. The long list numbers 284 and is headed by former high officers of the Soviet state.

First, after Bessiedovsky, comes Ersinkian, former trade envoy in Finland, followed by Kriukov-Angarsky, assistant trade envoy in Paris and a Communist of long standing. Then there are Liberman, former director of the North Russian Timber Trust, one of the large export offices of the Soviet government, who prefers the free air of western Europe to that of Moscow, and Bajanov, Stalin's former private secretary, who fled through Persia. These are followed by: Solomon, former first secretary of the Soviet embassy

in Berlin in 1918 and then trade envoy to Esthonia, who has just published his reminiscences on the Bolshevik leaders; Dmietrevsky, former counselor of the Soviet legation in Sweden; Sobolev, former military attaché to Finland and Sweden; Ibragimov, former commercial representative in Constantinople; Zelensky, former legal advisor of the Soviet embassy in Paris; Pietukhov, former commercial representative in Greece; Siemashko, former chargé d'affaires in Latvia; Buinevich and Naglovsky, former important employees of the commercial representation in Berlin; Baitin, former chief of the division of furs at the commercial representation in Paris; Naoumov, also of the commercial representation in Paris; and many more of the smaller employees and diplomatic couriers of embassies, legations and commercial representations. The latest addition to the ranks of the Third Emigration is Agabekov, already mentioned. If we add to this important list the names of the French Communist, Paul Marion, whose interesting articles describing the present state of Soviet Russia appeared some time ago in this country and brought much favorable comment, and of Panait Istrati, the Rumanian writer who has recently completed a series of articles for the *Nouvelle Revue Française* in which he explains the reasons which made him turn from a sincere friend and admirer of the Bolshevik state into its bitterest enemy, we have a complete picture of the disintegration of the Soviet régime.

In the face of this continual desertion of Soviet officials, one is tempted to ask: why is it that after years of service in Soviet institutions these men suddenly decide to abandon everything and join the ranks of the emigrants? Is it that like rats they are leaving a doomed ship, or is there something else which has forced them to abandon a government and a state with which some of them have been intimately connected for a period of nearly thirteen years? And why does this mass exodus take place now instead of years ago?

When one reads the confessions and revelations of these men, one is struck by the leading motive in all of them: fear—fear of the Ge-Pe-Ou, that secret police of the Soviet government which inspires awe in even the highest officials of the Soviet state. It seems that a mass psychosis is to be found involved in the present situation. On one side, the Ge-Pe-Ou is dominated by a psychosis of suspicion; everybody is suspected of plotting, betraying, indulging in counter-revolutionary activity. On the other side, and as a sequence to this attitude of the Ge-Pe-Ou, one finds a psychosis of fear dominating the mind of every Soviet citizen. The slightest indication to a Soviet official abroad that he might be called back to Moscow immediately engenders in his mind the torturing thought that maybe the Ge-Pe-Ou wants him, and his fear then leads him to take the final and always risky step of breaking all relations with the Soviet government and joining the constantly swelling ranks of the Third Emigration.

Judging by their own writings, this seems the most plausible explanation. The articles published by Bessiedovsky, Solomon, Kriukov-Angarsky, Dmietrevsky, Naoumov and Agabekov give interesting details on certain important happenings of the past and descriptions of how the foreign policy of the Soviet state is directed.

Gregory Bessiedovsky, a Jew born in Poltava, joined the Bolshevik movement in 1918 as a student and had a brilliant career under its régime. He spent some time as chancellor of the Soviet embassy in Tokio and for nearly a year was chargé d'affaires there, replacing Kopp who had withdrawn as a result of a dispute with the influential Karakhan, then ambassador to China. In 1926, during his term in Tokio, Bessiedovsky received a special order from Stalin to negotiate for and obtain from Japan a treaty of amity and reciprocal refusal to attack. At that time Stalin had high hopes of a Communistic revolution in China, but he also had great fear that these hopes might be frustrated by Japan's intervention. When Bessiedovsky proposed such a treaty to Mr. Debuchi, then Under-secretary for Foreign Affairs and now ambassador of Japan in Washington, Debuchi seemed to think it was a practical joke. But when Bessiedovsky repeated the proposal, he said that such a treaty would never receive the approval of the Imperial Council and offered, instead, to fulfil the Pekin agreement of 1925 by signing a treaty of commerce and the fishing convention. Stalin insisted and Bessiedovsky had to resume his conversations with Debuchi. Then the Under-secretary, seemingly annoyed with the whole matter, said: "What do you want such a treaty for? We have no intention of attacking you. Do you, by any chance, intend to attack us?" Bessiedovsky protested and added that he would consider the day a very important one in the history of Soviet-Japanese relations when both sides gave oral assurances of amity. Bessiedovsky then reported to Stalin that an oral agreement had been reached and this completely satisfied the Red dictator.

This is only one instance of Stalin's intervention in the domain of the commissariat for foreign affairs. He frequently sent personal orders to representatives abroad, which had to be executed sometimes with the risk of receiving blame from the responsible head of the Soviet foreign office. Stalin had his own ideas of foreign relations which often did not coincide with the Soviet policy as expressed by the chief of the commissariat for foreign affairs. This reminds one vividly of a dark page in the history of pre-revolutionary Russia when a group of people, including Admiral Alexeiev, then viceroy in the Far East, Besobrasov and Abasa, were directing Russia by special and personal permission of Emperor Nicholas II into the abyss of the Russo-Japanese War, whilst Count Lamsdorff, minister for foreign affairs, did not even know of the direct negotiations of these people with the Japanese ambassador in St. Petersburg and the Russian ambassador in Tokio.

Of course the power and authority of Stalin is of another nature, but in its essence it is just as absolute as that of Ivan the Terrible. And the Communists of Soviet Russia probably fear Stalin no less than the boyars of the sixteenth century feared their czar. In great part this fear is inspired by the fact, revealed by Bajanov, his former private secretary, that Stalin has accumulated data on every important member of the Communist party. His files would be envied by many a police department. Things that seem of no importance whatsoever are carefully registered and used in the proper moment. The fact that Petrovsky, president of the Soviet government of Ukraine and an old member of the Bolshevik party, had drunk vodka with a police officer as far back as 1905, was sufficient to have him expelled from the party with a ruined career. He probably does not remember having done such an "outrage" to the interests of proletarians, but it is there in the files. Therefore, many a Communist in Russia at present fears that Stalin's files may contain some data on him which could eventually ruin his life or even lead to death. The whole group in the upper ranks of the Communist party remain constantly under the terror of Stalin and his files of information.

In his writings Bessiedovsky also recalled the famous Zinoviev letter which had caused the downfall of the first Labor government under Prime Minister MacDonald in Great Britain. He tells how, when the text of this letter reached Moscow, the Political Bureau summoned Zinoviev from Petrograd for explanations. Zinoviev scrutinized the letter, thought at length and then declared that he could not remember having signed it. Nevertheless he added that its contents were completely in line with the Third International's program for England and that he would not have hesitated to sign it had he been certain that such a document would not have proved detrimental to the interests of Soviet Russia. As he was in power at that time, he was troubled no further. But Dzerjinsky, that blood-thirsty organizer of the Che-Ka, was convinced that Zinoviev actually did sign the letter without, perhaps, having read it beforehand. Therefore he ordered the execution of three employees of the Third International, one of whom was the pretty private secretary of Zinoviev, who was very fond of her but was unable to shield her under the circumstances.

After Bessiedovsky's revelations the most important ones are those of Agabekov, an Armenian by origin, who had served in the Ge-Pe-Ou almost since its foundation and who gives an inside story of the destructive work of the most efficient and most terrible of all secret police organizations. This material is so vast that it would be impossible to review it in a short paper.

Another sensational item coming to us from Europe, is the final explanation of the mystery of the kidnaping in Paris and the death of General Koutieпов, the leader of Russian emigré military organizations.

Mr. V. Burtzev, a revolutionary of long standing and famous for his revelations on the activity of the *agents-provocateurs* during the imperial régime, has published, in Paris, the complete story of this tragic affair. He states, with astounding documentary proof in hand, that Koutieпов was kidnaped by agents of the Ge-Pe-Ou, and names as the director of this operation André Fichner, who is at present residing in one of the Latin-American states. Fichner is hiding from the agents of the Soviet government because he is the only one of the five kidnapers who is still alive. The others were executed by the Ge-Pe-Ou in order that no trace of the Koutieпов affair should ever be found. After all, "dead men tell no tales."

On the whole, these revelations are a terrible blow to the Bolshevik régime and enable one to understand the rot and disruption which prevails in the Soviet state. Bessiedovsky and his companions are still alive, but they have no guarantee of safety, not even from the countries in which they reside. Not long ago Yaroslavsky, then first secretary of the Soviet embassy in Vienna, tendered his resignation with the intention of remaining in Austria as a private citizen. A few days later he was found poisoned. A similar fate may await many members of the Third Emigration, and this is perhaps best indicated by the fact that all insurance companies in Paris refused to issue an insurance policy on the life of Bessiedovsky.

Nothing Changes with the Birds

It is so hard that men grow gray
And birds forever youthful stay.

Nothing that men love the best
At its flowering may rest.

The loveliest ladies of them all
Lie crumbled under Troy-Town's wall.

Chivalric love that winged men's lust
Lies cold in words that gather dust.

The poets who had songs for breath
Sleep with great Elizabeth.

But nothing changes with the birds;
They build no empires out of words.

They build no temples for the Goth,
They weave no tapestries for the moth.

They are forever young and strange
And call the day up without change.

Ages touch them not. Their throats
Pour wind and sun forth, never notes.

They are the eyes of deity,
The effortless pulses of the sea.

They are the harps by hands unsmitten,
Poems living and unwritten.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

PROGRESSIVE POLITICS

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

WASHINGTON is still wondering about the recent bipartisan Progressive Conference, held there just after Congress adjourned. Was the conference a forerunner of a third party in 1932? Was it a notice to the old parties that there is a solid nucleus of Progressive strength which will swing to whichever party puts forward a liberal candidate on a liberal platform? Was it merely another periodic blowing-off of steam?

The group of senators who sponsored the conference profess to be unable to answer the foregoing questions and their disclaimers have the ring of sincerity. Even the corps of professional interpreters, usually so pontifical in their declarations, are uncertain and the variety of their interpretations is limited only by the number of the interpreters.

Nevertheless, a few facts stand out, let the ultimate results be what they may. One fact is that a substantial group of intelligent students of public affairs have come to the conclusion that the present two-party alignment has about as much bearing on problems actually confronting the United States as the historic division between Guelf and Ghibelline. Speaker after speaker drew applause from the Progressives by touching upon the theme that the real political division of today should be between entrenched and organized wealth on the one hand and the vast majority of politically free but economically dependent citizens on the other. As Senator Borah put it, there should be a political party or a political voice more interested in the welfare of the 96 percent of the people who have only 20 percent of the wealth, than in the 4 percent of the people who have 80 percent of the wealth.

That certainly sounded like third-party talk, and Borah would be an ideal battle flag for such a group, if formed. But there are those who remember that Borah, much as he idolized the late Theodore Roosevelt, remained on the Republican reservation in 1912.

Another definite characteristic of the Progressive meeting was that it was enthusiastically anti-Hoover. References to the President as "the great engineer of disaster," as the friend of the power interests or the foe of progressive thought, were good for applause any time a speaker cared to use them. They were used frequently. The significance of this factor, of course, lies in the fact that the Progressive group is dominated by those who are listed officially as Republicans. Moreover, all of them save Senator Norris were active on Mr. Hoover's behalf in 1928—notably Senator Borah. It is almost inconceivable that any person who took an active part in the recent Conference could support Mr. Hoover in 1932. Surely there must be some limitations to political acrobatics.

There arises, then, the question of where the Pro-

gressives will go in 1932 if they will not support Mr. Hoover, who is almost certain to be the Republican nominee, and if they do not form a third party.

Senator Norris's declaration that the country needs "another Roosevelt in the White House" led some to surmise the Progressives would turn Democratic if the Democrats should nominate Governor Franklin Roosevelt of New York. However, Norris, who is as guileless as Aesop's fox, protests that he was thinking of the dead President rather than the live governor. It is well known that Norris approves the governor's stand on hydroelectric power, but some of the other Progressives, like Borah, feel that Roosevelt has not shown enough vigor in his dealings with the Tammany scandals in New York City. This latter feeling, of course, is merely another version of the anti-Tammany feeling which operated against Governor Smith in 1928, somewhat accentuated by recent unsavory happenings but also somewhat neutralized by the fact that Roosevelt has never been so intimately associated with Tammany as was Smith.

Perhaps the most noteworthy thing about the Progressive Conference was the demonstration that, while this group may not have a party, it has a program that is far more definite and logical than anything put forward by either of the major parties. Doubtless, that is because the fashioning of a program from pure reason undisturbed by sectional prejudices is likely to result in a better rounded product, albeit one that has less actual support in votes.

It has become customary in some quarters to sneer at the Progressives' aspirations as entirely destructive. Even so eminent a commentator as the Honorable Calvin Coolidge disposed of the recent conference by suggesting that when the Progressives try to reduce their "vague ideas" to "specific proposals" they will have some difficulty. Mr. Coolidge's experiences in the White House should have revealed to him a few definite things the Progressives want. It is a safe bet that Mr. Hoover could name a few of them.

For instance, he might recall: government operation of Muscle Shoals, the export debenture plan of farm relief, the anti-injunction bill to curb federal judges' interference in labor disputes, the demand for abolition of presidential tariff-making under the flexible clause and for a general lowering of industrial rates, abolition of the electoral college, abolition of the "lame duck" session of Congress.

That by no means completes the list but, incomplete as it is, it is a far more comprehensive and definite statement of objectives than is contained in the platforms of either of the two major parties.

There is a weakness in the Progressive position, however, the danger from which is not lessened by the

fact that it is a weakness shared by the two great parties. That is a division over prohibition. Passing over such a fundamental incongruity as a true liberal favoring sumptuary legislation, there is a more immediate and practical side of this question. So long as the prohibition question remains unsolved—which probably means so long as the Eighteenth Amendment is unrepealed—the Progressives cannot marshal their full strength as a national group. Leaders like Senator Norris may denounce the “sham issue” which they believe prohibition to be, they may argue that it is being kept alive by reactionaries in both parties for the sole purpose of preventing Progressive unification, and they may be right. The fact remains, that the people who support the Progressive leaders at the polls are overwhelmingly wet in certain sections and overwhelmingly dry in others and, while the leaders might agree to disregard that question for the time being, there is little likelihood that the voters would do so.

Take a concrete illustration. Senator Norris of Nebraska and Senator Wagner of New York generally vote together on economic issues. They are both Progressives in the general meaning of that term. But Norris is an ardent dry and Wagner is an equally ardent wet. What kind of platform could be drawn up to support both of them without making it so broad as to be meaningless—the “law enforcement” buncombe, for instance, which the Republicans and Democrats have been using for years?

No one believes, of course, that the Progressives met merely to hear each other talk, however much that hypothesis may be favored by some of the more reactionary newspapers. The meeting was a step toward transforming theories into action. What the next step will be or in what direction it will be taken is not apparent, but there is going to be a next step and probably several of them. That is obvious from the care which the Progressive leaders took to carry the effects of the conference into the future. Instead of meeting and adopting a series of spell-binding resolutions and then adjourning, the conference named committees which are to conduct studies of various items of proposed legislation. Hearings and discussions will be held throughout the summer, reports will be submitted, above all speeches will be made and statements will be given to the press. When Congress meets next December with a presidential campaign just over the horizon, the Progressives plan to be ready with a collection of bills upon which they will force the two old parties to go on record. There is no doubt that the Progressives can get votes on any measures they select during the next Congress, for they will have the balance of power in both houses.

Those who have paid some attention to third party movements in the past realize that those which attained serious proportions were the results of splits in the older parties rather than organizations built up entirely outside the existing alignment. For instance there was the formidable Bull Moose movement in 1912 and,

in contrast, the comparative insignificance of the LaFollette Independent party in 1924.

It is interesting to speculate on the possibilities of a split in one of the two parties next year. Obviously both are ripe for such a division. The long-festered economic divergence between the Eastern high tariff Republicans and the Western Insurgent bloc is matched by an almost identical economic split between Northern and Southern Democrats, which is also complicated by the prohibition squabble and some lingering sore spots caused by the 1928 campaign.

If one party split and the other did not, it would simply mean that the one which remained united would capture the Presidency. But suppose both should split and the Progressive elements of each should coalesce. An excellent foundation for such a coalition was laid by the recent conference.

Moreover, if one party should be torn asunder in its next national convention, it seems almost inevitable that the other would meet the same fate. Each party today is undoubtedly controlled if not owned by the conservative elements, and each contains groups who remain inside the party walls only because there is no other place for them to go. Once such a place were provided, it might be a different story.

OF DOGMA

By PAUL BUSSARD

“**B**UT EVERYONE sits beneath a tree,” said Pierrot. “And is that reason why we should not sit under one?” asked Columbine.

“Yes, it is a good reason.”

And so it was blamable to Pierrot’s perversity that they were seen by the elderly gentleman. They could hardly escape being seen, sitting, like people in a picture, in the center of a plain. The grass looked green from the distance, and as the gentleman came closer he thought despairingly that it could not possibly be green when he got there.

He was surprised to find the grass really green. Columbine was sitting upon it as should a lady in a picture, modestly, with her white hands clasped. Pierrot was sprawled upon it, his face turned to the sky, his arms and legs scattered north, east, west and south.

The gentleman was hearing Pierrot finish a meditation spoken to Columbine. He stood unnoticed while it was said that a thing must be beautiful to be true, which phrase is common enough on the lips of many who speak; and that ugly should mean error because the word was so much the more expressive.

At the end he said, by way of comment, “That is sufficiently dogmatic.”

These words were spoken while the taste of the last rhythmic phrase was still in Pierrot’s mouth, and it might have been the shadow of a cloud or a look of annoyance that passed over Pierrot’s face.

While he had been speaking he had been looking through the clouds in the blue of the sky for an ugly contour. He often amused himself with such an endless pastime, always wondering which remark would be most adequate should he sometime find one.

"I gather that you dislike dogma," he said without turning to look at the gentleman.

"I have never been under compulsion of deciding whether I like it or not. It has always been superfluous to me. What few things I am sure of, for those few I have provided the surety myself. But in all fairness I don't suppose it does much harm to those with little minds."

"Columbine," said Pierrot, "here you perceive one who has thought for himself. Discarding ancient material, he has builded a house for himself of new stuff."

"Columbine," supplemented the gentleman as he looked at the way she clasped her hands, "he has moreover done without the help of other hands. The house he has built he has builded himself. In it he is beyond doubt and evil. By labor of long thinking he has come to a real conviction of the greatness of death and its beauty, of the goodness of God and His mercy. So now he walks freely without fear, untied, untrammelled, unchained by dogma and ecclesiastical keepers."

Pierrot, lying on his back with his face to the sky, crossed his knees so that one leg extended itself toward heaven. Said Pierrot musingly, "Columbine, here you perceive one who by dint of great thinking has arrived at the conclusions of a child of seven years. All these years of his little life he has moved in thought like a snail, carrying like the snail the heaviness of a hatred for dogma. Had he but seen as a child that dogma is a name for a fact God told His children, he should not now be boasting of a child's accomplishment."

"Columbine," Pierrot went on, "if he had lived all alone on an island, he might truly say he had builded his house himself. But now he cannot say it. Dogma has been all about him. He cannot move his elbow without touching it. It is in the minds of his friends and in the minds of his enemies too. It has painted the lily, deepened the red of the rose, heightened the humble violet. The question, who can paint the lily, may not now be asked. Dogma has. It has given to bells a new meaning, to days a character. Spring is now more than spring, and summer is green with added growth. It is in the stone of sculpture and in various contrivances of painters. Music has groaned in pain of expressing it. Man has made things and noises without number, which, by increase and multiplication, have filled the earth. Columbine, he is now proud of his mind because into it has at last come a small part of a great truth. And now it is in his mind, he thinks it must not be anywhere else."

Columbine sat a moment quietly. Then Columbine spoke: "One who ascends can but with scant justice denounce his means of ascension."

"Since you vary the figure, my dear, I shall go on about a garden. Here you see one who has sought a garden secluded from harm and doubt. But such a place of flowers can be entered only through a gate that is low. He has never gone in but he has gone round and around. But in the circuit he has found some flowers whose seeds blew over the wall. Now he walks musingly away, content with the few and laughing at the necessity of the garden."

Said Columbine: "That to which you give a name, by any other name would be the same."

"Yes," and Pierrot yawned as he spoke. "Whether you call it an unwithering flower and the place it grows a garden of delight, or name it the means of ascension, it is all quite the same charming necessity."

"Columbine," asked Pierrot, while the gentleman was walking rapidly toward the road, "will you please notice if he avoids treading upon violets?"

COMMUNICATIONS

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor: In view of the agitation by some of our Catholic social workers for "Industrial Democracy" a bit of information from Australia may be of interest.

From Sydney came a report that Standard Waygood, Ltd., elevator manufacturers, had been feeling the effects of the present business depression throughout the Australian commonwealth, and the company officials cast about for some means by which they could retain their working forces. The foundry workers in particular were exceptionally skilled in their occupation. If they were dismissed it would probably be difficult for the company to bring together as good a group when conditions improve.

To prevent this difficulty the management of the company turned the foundry over to the employees. The workers undertook to do all the company's work at a price mutually agreed upon and, in addition, they were at liberty to obtain and execute any outside orders that they could secure. The employees purchased all the materials from the company on the ordinary business basis: the company advanced 80 percent of the wages at each week-end, all accounts being squared up at the end of the month.

The first report stated that since the plan was put in operation, all hands had been fully employed at union rates, the working week being on a forty-eight-hour basis. This report having been extremely interesting, I followed up the subject. But I found that as time progressed the experiment did not work out as well as it was planned. My later information was six months after the plan had begun.

During that time the foundry had been operated by twenty-two workmen on a coöperative basis, but free of all overhead. The workers were to pay for the power and materials used and, at the end of each month when the profits were known, the balance of their wages was to be paid to them, and whatever remained was carried along as profits to take care of any months when there might be a loss.

The workers made up their own estimates in bidding for jobs. Naturally in this way they competed with other foundries, but as far as could be learned there was no determined effort on their part to cut prices. They also had turned over to them whatever work the company required.

For the first two months the coöperative plan showed profits, the third month showed a loss, the fourth a profit and the last two months of the six showed losses.

When the first loss occurred the workers found themselves in difficulty. When they agreed to accept the plan, the union stated that they would make no objection, provided the workers received no less than full award rates under the Australian award plan that fixes wages. But if at any time the workers worked for less than the full award wages, the union would refuse to recognize them.

During the month, when they received 80 percent of their wages from the company's funds, they were not receiving full award rates, but the payment of the balance at the end of the month made up the difference. When the loss occurred at the end of the third month, the workers came to the management with their troubles. It was decided that the balance of their wages would be paid out of the profit balance accumulated during the previous two months.

But when the losses occurred in the last two months of the six, the profit balance disappeared. As they would not receive

their full wage, and as the union will not allow its members to work for less than award rates, the foundrymen will be in a difficult position if they should have to continue the coöperative plan.

When the company decided to turn the foundry over to the workers on the coöperative basis, it was hoped that the plan would induce efficiency and coöperation on the part of the worker. It was felt that if the workers could be made to feel that they were being set up, as doubtless they were being set up, as an entirely new organization, they might coöperate to produce better results and naturally better profits for themselves. But the result fell short of expectations, possibly because of the hold which the union had over its members. It was found that the plant had been more efficiently operated under a foreman than it was on a coöperative basis. Incidentally, the ex-foreman of the foundry was made the manager of the foundry for the coöperative workers.

When the company had some small castings made at the foundry by the coöperative plan, these castings were somewhat oversize. The company then had to pay the foundrymen an additional sum to grind the castings down to the proper size. In view of such circumstances the owners of the foundry informed the foundrymen that in the future they would ask for estimates from outside foundries and place their business wherever they could get the best prices.

The plan also worked out badly because the workers had no financial resources. If they bid on very large jobs, they would not get paid from six to twelve months. They bid at their own risk since the company would not accept the responsibility, having washed its hands of the foundry. This risk then made it necessary for the workmen to make their prices high enough to cover this risk and naturally in most cases they did not get the contract. Had the company been operating the plant, they could have taken these contracts, paid the workers wages, and waited for their payment.

This seems to have been a clear sample of industrial democracy to the fullest extent. The workmen had more than a fair field for success inasmuch as the company had assumed all the overhead expenses, even to the accounting expenses, and still they could not earn award wages. At the last report it seems probable the experiment will have to be discontinued.

ERNEST F. DUBRUL.

THE PLIGHT OF THE POET

South Bend, Ind.

TO the Editor: Mr. Maynard resorts to pink billingsgate. I shall not do so. "Intellectual coherence" and a "better literary style" are a fine pair of herrings but I refuse to let them obscure the trail.

My letter (read: "jumble of words") was a faint intimation that Americans are rather fed up with foreign critics. Any English or Continental author who has written a book of poems or compiled an anthology sets out for America to lecture the natives. I admit that we natives are frank and unsuspecting. We extend our hospitality quite readily, but when these self-appointed critics tell us for the hundredth time that we have no manners and no art (not to mention a score of other things) the day has come to make some sort of protest. We are tired of covert sneers and intellectual snobbery; we are bored with Mr. Turveydrop and "perfect deportment."

From the way in which our foreign critics comport themselves in America, one would think we did not reimburse our visitors for their efforts in intellectual uplift. We do, and there is no

other nation on earth which pays for abuse at such handsome prices. And so the critics come to scoff and remain—with pay. After all, there is no precedent for this sort of thing unless Nero charged for his concert while Rome was burning. High-hatted visitors may fancy that we cannot smell a rat, but we can very well hear the rattling of skeletons in the ancestral closets.

I was annoyed with Mr. Maynard, because of the things which he implied in his article, "The Plight of the Poet." He inferred that poets are in a plight, which they are not, in America; he impugned our intellectual ability to appreciate poetry and proved it in the steerage; he sneered (ever so slyly) at those authors who sell their works by lecturing to women's clubs.

Authors do lecture to women's clubs; they all admit it helps to sell their published works. Why sneer? Has Mr. Maynard not lectured? Perhaps he does not realize that nuns are always women and, quite often, ladies.

I have never questioned Mr. Maynard's appreciation of Tennyson. I have no doubt he "adores" the man. But he did say Tennyson was definitely dated; this statement and no other was the subject of my retort.

Mr. Maynard says he reads Chesterton infrequently. What a pity! I read him often and find him the only foreign critic of America who has sufficient breadth of mind to recognize life when and where he finds it.

If Mr. Maynard rarely reads Chesterton, perhaps he still reads Swift. I advise it. Gulliver read lessons in the Houyhnhnms. Today, since Gulliver is dead, pity the poor Houyhnhnms!

REV. FRANCIS B. THORNTON.

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSIES

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

TO the Editor: The editor of some newspaper—an insignificant one, I think—wrote me the following: "We have found it necessary to discontinue the publication of all letters dealing with the subject of religion. Such communications and the controversies they arouse are of no particular value to either the newspaper or the public, and result in bitter feeling."

So far as the particular newspaper I have just mentioned is concerned, I have no doubt that letters on the subject of religion would have no value for it, and would do it no good. But it makes a mistake when it says that such letters are of no particular value to the public. It does not gage well the interest the public has in religion, and it probably would enlarge its circulation list if it paid more attention in its columns to religious subjects.

Religion is the most interesting subject that can be broached. The atheist is just as much interested in religion as is the clergyman and the churchgoer. Start a religious discussion in a mixed company, and every member of the company, whether he be clergyman, atheist, banker, grocer or clerk, will take part in it. The discussion of any other subject is not so likely to arouse the interest of everyone.

Religion is bound to be of value to everyone, for religion is merely another name for a way of life. Every man has some religion, for whatever ideals or principles a man orders his life by, constitute his religion. A man can acquire ideals and principles only by comparing and checking his experiences by what he reads or hears.

As for the charge that religious controversies result in bitter feeling—well, to bitter people everything may be a source of bitterness.

CHARLES HOOPER.

WAR CLOUDS OVER EUROPE

Rome, Italy.

TO the Editor: There can be no doubt that the articles of your managing editor, now an observant European traveler, on the unsettled European situation must afford highly interesting reading matter for American readers of THE COMMONWEAL at home and abroad. That an occasional reader will disagree with him on general or particular situations is not astounding. In matters as uncertain in their final settlement as these European conditions are, one can point forward to various possible outcomes, out of which possibilities one which appears less possible at present may eventually be the actual outcome. Thus, when Mr. Shuster draws horrible war colors across the map of Europe he certainly does not himself want to start another disastrous war, nor does he predict that another general slaughter will inevitably occur; but, true Christian that he is, he does want another great war not to happen (this appears as a lesser possibility at present). That is why he is bringing the actual conditions over here home to the peace-loving American minds, in striking colors.

That threatening war clouds are hanging low over this Continent is as plain as the sun here in sunny Italy. I am lodged here at an international university where I have an occasion, as it were, to travel over the European Continent by scouring the many and various European minds that have come here for the purpose of higher education. These intellects, therefore, represent a portion of the better mental caliber from the Continent; and mind, they are also Christian intellects, all of them. Freed though they are, each from his own country's economic and social worries and unsafe political situation, and deeply interested in their studies, certainly sufficiently difficult to demand much concentration, nevertheless they not unfrequently talk among themselves about another impending general war. With fear and trembling? I can notice none. Are they inclined at all to listen to proposals for a peaceful settlement according to Christian principles? Hardly. The one feels himself deeply wronged and sees that but little is being done to right the wrong and heal the injury; the other is determined to hold his advantageous position at all costs, right or wrong, it matters little, as long as he is the better possessor. As far as I can judge from my point of view, both sides—the one prepared for war to the teeth, the other martially unequipped at present but armed with a thorough, though I suppose exaggerated, patriotism—would go to war tomorrow if they had enough funds to carry on a war. In possession of pocket-money, they would shoot off the gunpowder and whatnot, with the same delight, only not as innocently, with which the American boy shoots off his fire-crackers on Independence Day.

As it is, another disastrous war would make the entire Continent so poor and destitute that Europe would thereafter be but a colony of capitalistic America, so they say. Such material considerations rather than Christian love are at present preventing new alliances from starting the fray once more.

Evidently God knows best why He is letting His people on this Continent feel their self-created hardships unto the bitter end. Meanwhile, however, there is a duty resting upon us, as Mr. Shuster indicates, to do all in our power to prevent the worst from happening; or must we wait till the whole of modern culture, so-called at least, will have proven its own worth by a *reductio ad absurdum*, toward which it is certainly heading with great yet inglorious strides!

REV. OLIVER KAPSNER, O.S.B.

THE CONQUEROR OF DEATH

Kenosha, Wis.

TO the Editor: Chesterton is curious in his "Resurrection of Rome," as to whether anybody understands anything of what he thinks or feels about things. Thank heaven, you found someone who does. Father Sheen knows his Chesterton, whom he has read so well that one can trace a coloring Chesterton influence in his own personal vision, notably in his recent "Divine Romance."

G. K. C.'s "Resurrection" is a record of his refusal to accept unimaginatively what to him is the eighth wonder of the world—namely, the Church of Rome. He surely has found his stride. It is written with more warmth, an even greater sense of discovery, a deeper sympathy than were his in "Orthodoxy" or "The Everlasting Man"—if that is possible. It must be a splendid feeling to see things with the young-eyed wonder of a Chesterton.

Thus, he sees Rome as a prehistoric leviathan with protuberant eyes and nostrils standing out like mountains, but the rest of its immeasurable vastness lies sunk in eternity, a monster poking out its nose to the hook of Peter the Fisherman. What skill in an angler to essay such a prize! What vibrating life on that reel; they have been struggling now for 2,000 years for the mastery, and the game is likely to go on for years to come. Is this monster not a symbol of all the contradictory things that have been said about God's Church for 2,000 years? Mussolini may be a hundred years wiser than Napoleon, Pius XI is 2,000 years wiser than both of them; he has divine assurance of the Church's undying life.

Chesterton mesmerizes us into his personal vision, and after one's taste is sufficiently purged, sufficiently grotesque and fanciful, then one enjoys the fitness in his thousands of strange and startling associations. Truly, the grotesque, in the hands of an artist, is but another branch of the beautiful. In the "Resurrection of Rome," Chesterton brings his art to flower.

F. A. SHEA.

Peterborough, Canada.

TO the Editor: In your issue of February 18 you have an excellent appreciation of Mr. Chesterton's "The Resurrection of Rome." To a non-Catholic, your reviewer's praise of the Catholic Church seems uncommonly like the criticism of the most illogical of all human entities, the critics of the Bible, otherwise known as the Modernists.

Let us assume that you are trying to convince outsiders of the truth or fact of the Catholic Church, which it pains me to see you persist in calling the Church of Rome, which localizes rather than catholicizes it. The first step you would take, I should think, would be to prove that its charter comes from God. After that, it is for us to study and to obey just as in the case of nature or the universe. We regard the universe as a fact, and proceed to govern ourselves accordingly. Poetic allusions to it, rhapsodizing upon its beauty, or philosophizing upon its fundamentals, are mere bubbles upon the face of time. They may help us to understand and to apply it to ourselves, but the fact of it is the thing.

So long as the Catholic Church or any other church, or that faith or any other, continues to depend upon constant argumentation, it will not go very far, and that, to my mind, is where Mr. Chesterton fails. He dissects and rationalizes where he should dissect and declare the glory of God. *Deus et praeterea nihil.*

J. H. BURNHAM.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Camille

WHEN a certain New York critic, more noted for his graceful pen than for gracious compliments, wrote, some three years ago, of Miss Le Gallienne's "meager little talent," he opened himself to the double charge of having a short memory and of being a poor prophet. He had obviously forgotten certain moments in "Liliom" which Miss Le Gallienne enriched far beyond the powers of mere talent, meager or otherwise, and he obviously failed to suspect the transformation which was about to take place in her work at the Civic Repertory Theatre. Most of us must plead guilty to this second failure, though in various degrees. For a year or two at the Civic, it seemed as if a blight of some kind had crippled the force and fury and intensity of the "Liliom" days, as if the cares of management and the double burden of directing and acting added to the inhibitions of a naturally mental type had proved too great an obstacle for Miss Le Gallienne to surmount. Her playing was interesting and intelligent and wholly admirable in its intentions, but distinctly uninspired. Then came her work in "The Good Hope," followed quickly by a glamorous and illuminated Juliet and a little masterpiece of restrained intensity in "Allison's House." Old forces were awakening—forces which have reached a momentary climax today in a surpassingly varied and colorful performance of Marguerite Gautier in "Camille."

There have been, of course, several other performances at the Civic in which Miss Le Gallienne vaulted far above the level of "meager talent"—in the warm intensity of "Cradle Song," in the gracious archness of "The Women Have Their Way" and in the free and joyous abandon of "Peter Pan." These were all eloquent of a decidedly unusual and sensitive talent, the more marked for its versatility. But in Juliet and in Marguerite Gautier we have something vastly more important. We have, I strongly suspect, the rumor, if not more than the rumor, of greatness. I realize, of course, that greatness is a very dangerous word. It is not as overworked today as it was a generation back. Criticism in general has turned more sceptical and grudging and, in its efforts to be humorous, considerably more cruel. To use the word greatness implies a finality of judgment on which it is hard to turn one's back later on in order to save one's face. But there are several clear reasons why Miss Le Gallienne's latest work merits, at the very least, the admission of possible greatness. To say more than that, at this stage, would be to do an injustice to the serious efforts of an important and sincere artist.

In the first place, Miss Le Gallienne, both as producer and as actress, has suffused two excessively familiar plays with incredible warmth and glamor and human simplicity. She has succeeded so well in bringing out the universals in both of them, that one completely loses all sense of costume and period, all sense of poetic artificiality in "Romeo and Juliet," and all sense of the usual theatricality in "Camille." This is the first and most important test of the simplicity of great art. One has only to compare Miss Le Gallienne's "Camille" with the strident Comédie Française version of "Mme. Sorel" to understand the vast gulf which separates art from artifice.

But art demands technique as well as simplicity of intention—just as the forces of nature must be confined into formed channels before they can serve human purposes. Seed must be

sown in furrows, water must be brought from distant rivers to parched lands, and dams must be built before falling torrents can be transformed into power and into light. The fine actress cannot take the simple torrents of crude emotion and pour them across the footlights. This indiscriminate flooding of an audience is the farthest thing from fine acting—although many of the younger actors of today mistake it for natural simplicity. Possibly the most surprising progress Miss Le Gallienne has achieved in the last two years is in the variety and scope of her technique which, with all the illusion of simplicity and natural warmth, uses carefully made channels and applies emotional power only when needed and as needed. The death scene in "Camille" is usually a morbid and melancholy affair, in which a thin small voice and much gasping for breath make one long for a blessed release. Miss Le Gallienne has somehow made the whole act a rising note of triumph—from the quiet joy with which she speaks of the priest's visit the evening before to the moment (and this, I believe, is a new touch) when she takes Nichette's bridal bouquet and makes one feel, in this single gesture, that she is consecrating, before death, what has been till then her profane love.

Possibly because of greater assurance in her technical powers, Miss Le Gallienne has also revealed within the last year an emotional range which either did not exist before or which was too violently curbed. At all events, mental inhibitions seem to be breaking down before a new access of feminine warmth and honest romanticism. In this giving of a greater part of herself to her audience, she is slowly approaching another attribute of greatness—the willingness to spend all in order that one shall never be spent. It is only the great who have faith in the cruse that never runs dry.

Only the next three or four years can tell us whether or not Miss Le Gallienne will take the next and final step toward greatness by gaining in that intangible quality sometimes called tragic proportion. I have in mind the quality by which Margaret Anglin, in Sophocles's "Electra," can dominate an entire Metropolitan Opera House audience with every movement and gesture and intonation. It is something quite different from being merely a great emotional actress or a great comedienne. It represents the last stage in becoming simply and solely an instrument through which a great universal emotion pours forth—an instrument with tone qualities and vibrations of its own, to be sure, but great chiefly as the servant of something far greater and less personal than itself. It is a stage in artistry that lies far beyond simplicity alone, far beyond mere technique and still farther beyond personal emotional experiences and intuitions. It is of the same piece as the creative genius animating the great tragic poets—and it is something that can be developed only from within. One is rarely born with it. It springs rather from exercising enormous powers of self-discipline in the attainment of full freedom. There is no possible way of knowing, at this moment, whether Miss Le Gallienne can move forward to such a point, since it is a greater and more difficult step in itself than all the fine progress she has made so far. One can only read the possibilities from the tenacity she has already shown, from her devotion to work (so unusual in these short-hand days) and from those mental qualities with which she obviously works toward clear ideals, without impatience and with true courage.

The Civic Repertory production of "Camille" was directed by Constance Collier, with costume and scenic designs by Aline Bernstein. The general result is simple and effective without being in the least pretentious, but the casting, with two or three exceptions, is not very fortunate. "Camille" is a Latin play in which the Nordic neurosis which Morgan Farley so easily impersonates is far out of place. His Armand is well-intentioned, but far too taut throughout to make his occasional climaxes interesting. Donald Cameron, who is allowed to "rest" in a very minor part, should have played Armand. His romantic virility is much needed. Nor is there any good reason why so fine a technician as Jacob Ben-Ami should continue to speak his lines as if he had learned English only a few months ago. It is his intonations and inflections rather than his accent which make him difficult to understand—points which a good musical ear alone should help him to correct. Leona Roberts contributes an amusing and sufficiently Gallic Prudence. Miss Le Gallienne's personal achievement is all the more evident because of her success in carrying through the illusion in spite of a cast that gives such uneven support. One must, however, make full allowance for the difficulties of a repertory production—something which no other New York manager had dared to attempt. The Civic Theatre may well rest its case on the fine average of its work and the unique quality of its gift to New York audiences. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

The Silent Witness

A FULL season without an important court room mystery play is almost unthinkable. This year's successor to the "Trial of Mary Dugan" is a play in English setting by Jack de Leon and Jack Celestin, concerning the efforts of a distracted father to take upon himself the blame for a murder which he believes his son has committed. Lionel Atwill, as this father, is the star of the occasion, but considerable credit for the well-sustained interest should go to a large group of minor character actors who relieve the tension with sharply cut portraits.

The structure of the play is by no means as simple as that of "Mary Dugan"—only one scene being in the court room, and the others demanding the use of a revolving stage in order to achieve the many quick changes necessary and to provide the essential "flash backs." On the whole, "flash backs" are not as satisfactory as the more straightforward method of telling a story. They interrupt action, and although they are used to visualize a story which some character on the stage is supposed to be telling, they do break one's sense of illusion and continuity. I am not even sure that they are necessary in the present case, but their troublesome effect is somewhat mitigated by the revolving stage mechanism.

Another point in which "The Silent Witness" falls considerably below "Mary Dugan" is the complexity of its solution—a solution, by the way, which one strongly suspects from an early stage of the play without being able to anticipate the generally mixed-up situation which makes it possible. In spite of these defects, however, the play comes distinctly above mediocre rank in its type, and the court room scene, though not conclusive, provides well-sustained interest and dramatic moments.

Mr. Atwill is excellent in a part that makes no excessive demands, and among the minor characters Reginald Barlow handles a stubborn inspector with considerable point, Wigney Percyval and Jerome Lawler give the opposing counsel pleasant variety, Harold de Becker and Marion Frederics provide two highly amusing witnesses, and Thurlow Bergen makes the justice what all play justices should be—a gentleman of few words and high blood pressure. (At the Morosco Theatre.)

BOOKS

A Theological Mosaic

A Newman Synthesis; arranged by Erich Przywara, S.J. New York: Longman's Green and Company. \$3.00.

I DO NOT recall any book quite the same as this interesting compilation. It is more than a compilation, more even than the modest claim made for it in the title. For it is an arrangement with a very definite purpose, and that no less than by a selection, in itself a notable feat, so deftly used as to set forth a complete system of theology: dogmatic, moral, ascetic, mystic, devotional. It is notable for several reasons. One is that it shows Newman to have been an original and independent thinker, one of the great voices, the noble few of whom Goethe wrote, and not merely one of the many echoes. Another is that it is a final vindication of the orthodoxy of Newman's theological teaching. For there can be no doubt of the fact that until Leo XIII sealed approval with the Roman purple, Newman sensed the impalpable but real cloud of suspicion that hung over him. Events have shown that the core of that mistrust, at least for those who were not biased by partizanship in the internal ecclesiastical disputes in England, was misconception or inability to grasp the subtle, exquisite refinement of the web spun by that keen mind, undoubtedly the preëminent thinker of the century that his life so nearly spanned. Using a language entirely innocent of the traditional terminology, sometimes seemingly susceptible of an erroneous interpretation by those unacquainted with the unexampled fastidiousness of a master stylist, Newman bewildered many accustomed to the usual theological manner. The saddest pages of his "Life" are those in which Wilfrid Ward graphically reveals his extreme sensitiveness in respect to the consequent insinuations against his orthodoxy. It would even appear that his French admirers harmed rather than helped his reputation in the last decade of the nineteenth century, because they had not really grasped his meaning. At any rate he suffered an eclipse in England at least, and was not read as widely as he should have been. Here in the United States during the same period he was quite the vogue, rather by reason of his matchless style and as a litterateur than as a theologian and profound thinker.

But now he has come into his own. The present work alone establishes this. In its English form it represents a six-volume original compressed into one of 379 pages. But the compression has left Newman's text intact. Only the argument or summary prefixed to each section has been affected. Even this has not suffered essentially. Repetitions, overlappings, have been omitted.

I have termed the book a mosaic. Think of the labor involved (1) in tracing the logical sequence of Newman's theological teaching; (2) in searching through the forty odd volumes of his collected writings to find the passages indicating his final thought; (3) in piecing these together in proper order so that one may always be sure that he is reading what Newman wrote and everything that he wrote on each particular part of the gigantic thesis of man in relation to God.

If one may change the figure, it could be termed a series of priceless pearls of thought strung on the silver thread of Father Przywara's analysis.

It is a book to be used as a meditation on the deepest things of the soul. The use made of passages from the "Sermons and Book of Meditations and Devotions" supplies the effective conclusions or colloquies that give warmth to the drier intellectualism of the argument. It leads up into the rarefied atmosphere

associated with the intimate communion of the saints with God. Would that it might bring many souls under the spell of Newman's charm that fascinated his hearers at St. Mary's!

Father Przywara (pronounced Pshevara) is quite unknown in this country. He belongs to the German Province of the Society of Jesus and is about forty years old. At present he is on the editorial staff of the *Stimmen der Zeit* (Munich). The only other essay of his in English is his contribution to the important "Monument to Saint Augustine," considered one of the very best of all the articles in it. But doubtless English readers will hear more about him and from him, for no man capable of the *tour de force* revealed in the work under review can hide his light even under a foreign tongue.

JOSEPH H. McMAHON.

Riches of the Past

Ancient Corinth, by J. G. O'Neill. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. \$5.00.

THIS work, a publication of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Archaeology, was done by a professor at Maynooth College, formerly traveling student of the National University, Ireland. The work does not belie either the prestige of its sponsors or the distinction of its author.

Corinth, which as is generally agreed had been in existence since the Neolithic period, was pillaged, burned and razed by Mummius in 146 B.C. A century later Julius Caesar had the city rebuilt. This Roman Corinth was destroyed by an earthquake in 1858. Dr. O'Neill's study is concerned not with the Roman Corinth, but with the Corinth that was rich Corinth before the Trojan War. After a clear chapter on the topography of Corinth and its territory, the author begins his study of the ruins of the ancient city. A group of American archaeologists, who since 1897 have been reconstructing the Corinth that fell in 1858, in their excavations uncovered and after much study identified some of the remains of the old city, destroyed by Mummius.

Dr. O'Neill went himself amid these ruins, following almost the very footsteps of the ancient travelers, Strabo and Pausanias, and from his researches produced an indispensable volume of Greek history. His modesty is as admirable as his learning. He writes: "Here I have consistently confined myself to what dates from the early Greek city, though it may be admitted that these features are trifling in comparison to the magnificent results of the American excavators which are mainly concerned with Roman remains." However much the American excavations enabled him to draw an authentic plan of the Isthmian metropolis, yet Dr. O'Neill had to do a bit of excavating, so to speak, by himself. Though his beloved Corinth might be there before his eyes, yet it was only an illusion according to Dr. Walter Leaf—a not unusual phenomenon in classical scholarship. In his third chapter, then, the author clears away the rather formidable pile of arguments devised by Dr. Leaf to prove that Corinth was at least a deserted city during the Mycenaean period. Unitarians on the Homeric question will enjoy this chapter. It is something quite apart from the Blegen-Leaf controversy; nor is it without hope for the Separatists, because they have his words that "it is a wrong principle to infer that because Homer does not mention a certain thing, that thing does not exist."

Next, the author studies the cults and myths. Four cults, that of Aphrodite, of Hellotia, the old name of Europa, of Hera, and of Poseidon, flourished in the Minoan days of Greece. Hence their origins are much older than the days of

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MEN'S SHOES—SIXTH FLOOR

NEXT WEEK

THE CONTRACEPTION OF PROSPERITY, by Dr. Edward Roberts Moore, chairman of the Committee on Population Decline and Related Problems, of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, will be the second of the series of articles on birth control which is one of the most important THE COMMONWEAL has ever published. The second article will deal with the stagnation and decrepitude which fall on industry when expansion ceases. "With the remorseless and gradual contraction of the consuming market, margins of profit will steadily decline," he says, "and the specter of our at present glutted market coupled with unemployment rises to mind." . . . THE WORLD BANK, by Gerhard Hirschfeld, an extremely interesting description of an important development in international finance, which was scheduled for this week was postponed to next week. It was of this development that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler said recently, "Finance has passed from a national basis to one which is international, and shortly it will become evident to all that the Bank for International Settlements at Basel is a guiding and constructive force in shaping the monetary affairs of the whole world." . . . APPRECIATIONS, by Seumas O'Brien, have a quality that is rare. They are brief descriptions of men of our times, who are not conformists; and who surrounding themselves with the ardors of expressive personalities, create an authentic atmosphere of the artistic life. . . . A TALK WITH CHANCELLOR BRUENING, by George N. Shuster, is an intimate insight into the guiding principles of the leader of the destinies of the German people, and in view of recent developments in Europe, this is important for a fair understanding of the troubled situation there. . . . A VISIT TO A FRIEND, by Martha Genung Stearns, tells of the touching and beautiful circumstances surrounding a visit to a great Pope.

the Phoenicians to whom the beginnings of these cults used to be traced. There is also an enlightening record of the ill-fated Medea which lovers of Euripides ought not miss.

The remaining chapters deal with the tyranny and the constitution; the colonies and foreign relations; Corinth before and after the Persian wars; and the rôle of Corinth in the great political drama, the Peloponnesian War. Corinth was a city of importance long before "the well-greaved Greeks" were ensnaring Troy. It was a city of trade and rich merchants. The clan government prevailed until it naturally passed under the control of one family, the Bacchiads, aristocrats of pure Dorian stock, averse to commerce and living the life of a landlord class. They became not merely indifferent to the rich merchants, but were aggrandizing themselves at the merchant's expense. This policy led to revolution and the rise of the tyrants. Cypselus, the first tyrant, overthrew the Bacchiad oligarchy about 655 B.C. From that date on history becomes the handmaid of archaeology, so that we have a definite picture of the tyrants and their government. The succession of tyrants—Cypselus, Periander and Psammetichus—was followed by an oligarchy, which was in effect a timocracy, a government by an aristocracy of merchants, and lasted, barring five years of democracy, for the rest of ancient Corinth's existence.

Herodotus is the chief source for the chapter on Corinth, before and after the Persian wars. In this chapter the author becomes slightly rhetorical, and is unfair to Herodotus. Herodotus wrote that "if after the death of Periander, the Corinthians had been on friendly terms with the Corcyraeans, they would not have assisted in the expedition against Samos for the above-mentioned cause." The Corinthians, then, were urged on by more than "the above-mentioned cause" which made Dr. O'Neill indignant. Herodotus, too, seems to have felt: "What an unreasonable cause!" In the same chapter the author says that he has shown how Aegina became an ally of Corinth. But the author did not show an alliance, unless he means that Aegina's membership in the Peloponnesian confederacy made Aegina an ally of Corinth.

The final chapter is a scholarly and reliable exposition of Thucydides's narrative, touching Corinth. Modern criticism of Thucydides began about thirty years ago. Some charged that he did not know how to write history; others, that he was ignorant of the problem of food supply in the Greece of his own day and the important part it played in international politics. The critics elaborate on the Megarian Decree, which Thucydides only mentions, as if it were of trifling importance. The only basis for much of the critics' conjecture is the comic description of Aristophanes in his "Acharnians," where he introduces a starving Megarian who tells a piteous tale of the acute famine in Megara. But great names are signed to some of these criticisms, so that Dr. O'Neill must respect the printed word. He does, and arrives at conclusions paralleled by the eminent Bury.

About the value and charm of Dr. O'Neill's study one cannot say too much. Many a reader who would hesitate to tackle Strabo and Pausanias, not to mention others on the author's list of sources, will find all the information he could learn from them about Corinth, set forth so lucidly and aptly that one forgets he is reading a study. But while the study has the charm of well-written history, it is invaluable to the student of classical antiquities because it is a scientific allocation of Corinth in the history of Greece. This work of Dr. O'Neill is a model study, written in a limpid style and has the charm of definiteness that waits on a writer who knows his subject.

THOMAS J. MCGOURTY.

The Humanity of a Hero

Lincoln the Man, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$5.00.

"**L**INCOLN THE MAN" is an extraordinary manifestation of the lengths to which hero-worship and its corollary, the worship of the hero's theories, can force an otherwise intelligent man. Mr. Masters is a worshiper of Jefferson, a fanatical exponent of state's rights, and a firm believer in the devilry of Hamilton and Marshall. This is odd, his belief in a devil, inasmuch as Mr. Masters apparently has small use for Christianity or for a personal God, and counts as one of the chief wickednesses of Lincoln the fact that he brought his reliance upon a Supreme Being into his speeches. But this biographer like many another so-called free-thinker has need for a faith, and in his case bases it upon the constitution as expounded by Jefferson. He accepts *a priori* the infallibility of the constitution, and never once through his long book does he doubt that that constitution, containing though it did the recognition of slavery, was adequate to solve all our national problems. And into the Procrustean bed of the Jeffersonian idea of the constitution he forces Lincoln's tortured body. It is curious that never for an instant does doubt assail him as to whether this bed might not perhaps be too short for a new age and a growing nation, and whether Lincoln's hesitations and contradictions are not proof that the man himself was growing from the stature of an Illinois politician to that of a world statesman.

It would be too much to state that "Lincoln the Man" is an important book, for it presents no new facts and its deductions from the facts are often so twisted and gratuitous that they destroy all confidence in the author's fairness of mind. Yet Mr. Masters is in his own lights sincere and he is certainly terribly in earnest, indeed so terribly in earnest that through pure emotional drive his book takes on an unusual psychological interest. Mr. Masters states that the facts of his book are taken largely from Herndon and Beveridge. With these facts at hand—facts which certainly prove that there has been a Lincoln myth, which to serious men has been as annoying as the myth of the Washington of the cherry-tree, but which honestly faced leave Lincoln still an extraordinary figure—Masters sits down to prove that aside from a certain rhetorical power, which however he declares was not original, Lincoln was a second-rate figure whose influence was entirely evil. On Lincoln he blames the Civil War, declaring that his idea of an indissoluble Union not only was contrary to the constitution, but when upheld by a war was wicked to the extreme. On Lincoln too he lays the onus of our present industrial civilization with its consequent corruption. Even Harding and Coolidge and Hoover he blames on Lincoln! And also our Philippine adventure and Wilson's dictatorial entrance into the World War! Surely if ever a second-rate man created momentous events, here is the one! Like King Charles's head Lincoln pops up whenever evil is abroad. And so greatly does Mr. Masters hate him that he uses even his virtues, such as his chastity and his kind-heartedness, to beat him with, declaring that the former prevented him from generous feelings and that the latter was only "his own indifference obverted." Moreover, his appearance—his ungainliness, his lack of care in dress, his awkward movements—are put forward to his discredit. In short, nearly everything Lincoln did and was is wrong.

Yet after the book is finished, a thinking man cannot feel angry with Mr. Masters. After all, it is good to know that in this sceptical age there are still those who believe—even if



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it be in a document called a constitution. Mr. Masters for all his unfairness has not hurt Lincoln and he has given us the portrait of a biographer who believes desperately in an ideal of democracy, however impractical and even contradictory that ideal is. To Mr. Masters the constitution means more than slavery and the preservation of the Union. He utterly blinks the fact of what would have happened had the South won and left us with two highly nationalistic countries jealous of each other. Mr. Masters hates militarism, but would this have helped matters? Would the triumph of industrialism have been prevented by the establishment of the Confederacy? But such questions are today happily irrelevant. It is enough to say that in this particular instance Mr. Masters has written, despite its occasional slovenliness of expression, an interesting psychological document.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Love in Marriage

Eva, by Jacques Chardonne. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$2.00.

M. CHARDONNE is the novelist of marriage. In 1921 he achieved a well-merited success by escaping the stigma of the Goncourt Prize with his "L'Epithalame," a book which is growing year by year in critical esteem, while the winner of that year's prize, René Maran, and his novel "Batou-ala" retreat into oblivion. Like his succeeding novels it deals with matrimony.

Heretofore, amidst contemporaries who immersed themselves in the subterranean galleries of psychology and peered too intently within themselves, Chardonne with his brilliant objective handling of the subject stood out in pleasing relief. Now, in "Eva," the author has turned to the subjective medium which he formerly avoided, and gives us a marriage viewed through the interior monologue of a husband, who jots down his reflections in his journal. But Chardonne has perceived that the heart has its reasons which the Proustian mind does not know, and, through many pages of fine psychological analysis, sustains an unwavering faith in love, as the solvent of the troubles of marriage.

I was about to say, of the problems of marriage. But the author envisages marriage simply as the contact of two souls, and no reader need fear that he will have to read clinical dissertations about the problems of divorce, birth control, economic pressure, changing social order, modern education of children, polyandry or other such boring topics. It is a quiet little novel, this story of a man who is so completely in love with his wife that he sacrifices promotion in his work, then his vocation itself, rather than see her unhappy. Later, because of her puerile nostalgia for Switzerland, her native land, he abdicates his social and economic position to establish a home there.

This husband is so uxorious that he fails to see that his wife does not love him, and at the end, when she leaves him for another man, he seems lovingly incredulous. This is but the framework on which the author weaves manifold rich observations on love and marriage. There is not a gross nor superficial sentence in the book; indeed there are many homely but pithy observations such as, "Children grow up too quickly. That is their chief disobedience." It is charming. It is quietly eloquent.

It may be hoped that many will find time to peruse this brief but interesting story. The translation is excellent.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN.

The Christian Family

An Introductory Study of the Family, by Edgar Schmiedeler. New York: The Century Co. \$2.25.

THE EDITORSHIP of Dr. Lapp is a guarantee of the high standard of the series of Catholic college texts of which this volume is a part. Dr. Schmiedeler's book should have wide circulation not only among college men and women but also among the ever-increasing number of thoughtful people who can be called in some sense students of sociology. It contains a brief history of the family with a discussion of its present condition and with practical suggestions for the elimination of the evils which threaten its stability and the strengthening of its bonds of union.

It seems almost ungracious to find any fault with a work so distinguished in scholarship and so eminently valuable as a guide to the founders of homes. The present reviewer, however, cannot help thinking that two or three minor changes might be made with profit in a subsequent edition. Dr. Schmiedeler has a tendency to exalt the past of Christendom at the expense of its present. This is to strike in the early pages of the book a note of pessimism not always justified by the cold facts of history. There were, for example, many putrid spots in mediaeval society from which infection spread at times into the very citadel of the Christian home. As we enter modern times, such events as the devastating wars of the seventeenth century paralyzed the prevailing moral and religious agencies to a degree in all probability never reached by the most damaging dislocations caused by the industrial revolution. Such conditions invariably hurt the home.

In our own country, it is true that the family was a highly integrated unit in early days of settlement. But we must remember, in this connection, the number of Puritan patriarchs and sturdy frontiersmen who were laid to rest beside the two or three wives who had preceded them to the hereafter and the high mortality rate which snatched up the precious lives of children. In the recent past, moreover, even virtuous people were indifferent to serious moral evils which, if they did not spectacularly disrupt the family, insidiously polluted it. There are undoubtedly grave threats to the integrity of the home of the present day, but the advantages of family life in the past can easily be exaggerated.

Dr. Schmiedeler is clear and exact in his statements, a virtue which cannot be praised too highly in a text-book writer. However, in one or two instances it might have been better had he been even more specific. The impression is given, for example, that the Church has never permitted the dissolution of a marriage. How, then, can one explain the exercise of the Pauline privilege or any case where an unconsummated marriage has been set aside? Students should also know how vague is the prerogative of the husband as head of the family, how much of this definition is left to the state and how theologians have differed in its interpretation, not only at any given time but during the course of history when religious leaders have modified their viewpoints from age to age. It is a far cry from a certain sermon by Saint Bernardine of Siena to a certain article by Dr. John A. Ryan.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Schmiedeler toward the end of his "Introductory Study of the Family" recognizes by implication the development of moral theology with reference to the family, and alludes to the good which may be brought about by a proper use of changing conditions, in passages that are rich in wisdom and noble in aspiration.

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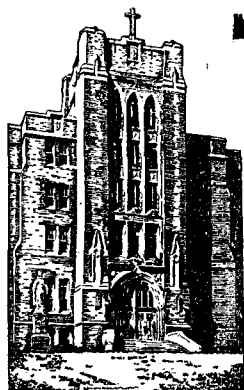
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The Grub Street Book of Verse, 1930; edited by Henry Harrison. New York: Henry Harrison. \$2.50.

ONE HUNDRED and ninety-two verse-makers have built up this fourth Grub Street anthology, Charles Cullen has once again contributed his arresting, if mannered, illustrations, and under forms sometimes conservative, sometimes experimental, the subject matter ranges through the usual modern themes—disillusion with the world or oneself, longing for the supposed bliss of other times, nature treated lovingly or ironically, love treated lovingly or ironically, with an occasional note of faith or unbelief. The justification of these frequent and all too inclusive Harrison collections lies usually in some little sheaf of lyrics preserved and worth preserving. This year the sheaf is chargeable to less-known names such as Alex Crane, Bessie Palmer, Seymour Link and May Whiteley, as well as to the familiar ones of Musser, Lieberman, Antonia Schwab or Kate Randle Menafee. But on the whole, the volume seems sufficiently summed up by one of its own adopted titles, "Thin Music!"

Old New Orleans, by Frances Tinker and Edward Larocque Tinker. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$5.00.

THE PRESENT four short romances about New Orleans make up the second group of D. Appleton and Company's Old City Fiction Series which was started with Edith Wharton's "Old New York." For sheer historic splendor, for gaiety, for tragedy, for individuality—there is perhaps no American city to compare with New Orleans. And in spite of all this, the first worthwhile novel is yet to be written about it. These four romances about the Creole city are rather nice in spots. Occasionally a character seems to be a character and not merely a figure speaking the words and doing the deeds of his master, the author. "Mardi Gras Masks" is faithful to the spirit and excitement of its title. But even this is not adequate; good reporting is still not good fiction.

Beauty in Letters, by Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. \$1.00.

IN THIS slim volume Mrs. Norris gives reasons for her love of literature and, with no particular brilliance of selection, includes favorite passages and illustrations from the works of poets, novelists, essayists and biographers.

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